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Robert N.





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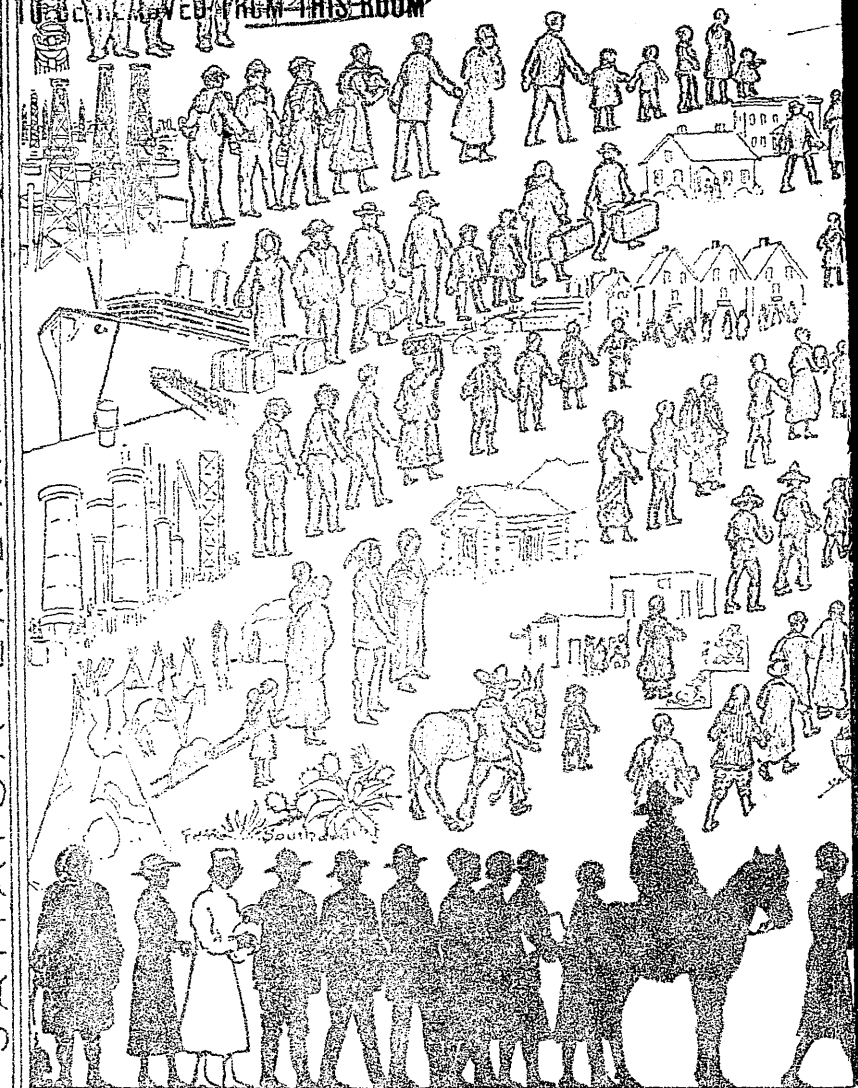
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GOD AND THE CENSUS

GOD
AND
THE CENSUS

by

ROBERT N. MCLEAN

Author of *Jumping Beans,*
That Mexican, etc.

COUNCIL OF WOMEN FOR HOME MISSIONS

and

MISSIONARY EDUCATION MOVEMENT

NEW YORK

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COUNCIL OF WOMEN FOR HOME MISSIONS
AND MISSIONARY EDUCATION MOVEMENT

Printed in the United States of America

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TO MY WIFE
WHO HAS MORE CONFIDENCE IN ME
THAN I HAVE IN MYSELF
AND
WHO SEES GOOD IN EVERYTHING
EVEN IN THE THINGS WHICH I WRITE

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	ix
I. THE CHURCH AND THE COMMUNITY	i
The Pioneer Missionary—Getting God Counted—A Church Two Centuries Old—Community Growth and God—The Gospel in Missouri: John Mason Peck—What If There Were No Churches?	
II. THE FIGHT FOR CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS	14
"A White Man's Country"—"Let the Church Mind Its Own Business"—Keeping Up the Fight—The Winning of Arizona—The Struggle Against Intemperance—Other Evils.	
III. THERE HAD TO BE SCHOOLS	30
The New Teacher Sees New Mexico—Starting a Mission School—The Penitentes—What Mission Schools Have Meant to the People—"La Mestra"—A Mission School at Work—When Shall a Mission School Withdraw?	
IV. THE CHURCH MUST STILL EDUCATE	44
The Church Is a School—Where the Church Fails—The Unreached Army of Children—Vacation Schools—Week-day Schools—The Children in the Country—Seek Them Where They Are.	
V. A SOUND BODY	57
A Doctor's Work in Porto Rico—Health Conditions on the Island—Twenty-five Years of Progress—Nurses' Work in Santo Domingo—Prevention As Well As Cure.	
VI. THE PLACE OF PLAY	70
John Suseoff Leads the Gang—How a Neighborhood House Helps—Values in Recreation—Play and Character.	
VII. THE LINES OF RACE AND CASTE	81
Those Who Were Once Slaves—What Is the Problem of Race?—What Are the Signs of Racial Prejudice?—Misjudging a Group—We Like Them Far Away.	

VIII. CROSSING THE LINES	92
Racial Lines Are Drawn Everywhere—Work in Other Tongues —Starting a Church for Mexicans—Fishing for a Church— Bethesda Makes an Experiment—Exploring the Possibilities— Person to Person.	
IX. THE CHURCH—AND BREAD AND BUTTER	106
Water Is Life in Arizona—Good Neighbors in the Southern Mountains—Sowers of New Seed—New Conditions in Porto Rico—The Problem in New Mexico—What Shall We Do About It?	
X. THE FORBIDDEN LAND	120
The Area of International Relationships—The Church and War—The Church and Industry—The Worth of a Man—No Easy Solutions.	
XI. WHY DOES THE ENTERPRISE LAG?	133
What a Cut Means—Is Spiritual Fire Cooling?—The Great God Organization—Creed or Christ?	
XII. "THIS MEANS ME"	146
The Question of Comity—The Unfinished Task—The Giving of Self—A Weakened Conviction—The New Discovery of God.	
INDEX	160

INTRODUCTION

THE secretary of the local chamber of commerce glanced at some penciled figures which he held in his hand, and a broad smile spread across his face. "That will make those boosters in Lemon hump themselves!" he declared, as he passed the slip of paper to a group of men gathered in his office.

The census was being taken, and Lemon and Petroleum, neighboring cities of southern California, were watching each other with a spirit bordering on suspicion. Petroleum had just finished the count, setting the figure at 5,417, while the population of Lemon had been announced the day before as 5,287. At last the claims of a decade in Petroleum had been vindicated.

But the citizens of the oil town had not counted upon the versatility of their neighbors. No sooner had the figures been proclaimed to the world in the columns of the *Petroleum Argus* than the census-takers discovered a hitherto neglected nest of Mexican huts down in a bend of the river. The houses were full of children, and the next day the *Lemon Record* corrected the figures previously announced, fixing the population of their thriving city at exactly 5,419. Petroleum was not discouraged. The census director gave it as his opinion

that anyone alive on the morning of the day the census had been begun was entitled to be counted. A survey of the undertaking parlors revealed the fact that four persons had died between the morning and noon of April first. These names were duly recorded, and a couple of days later the *Argus* solemnly announced that the corrected figure for the city was 5,421. And the only recourse left to the *Record* was to remark in a biting editorial that all the world knows that the climate of Lemon is more salubrious than that of Petroleum.

A census is, however, far more than a mere counting of noses. While it charts the population increase of towns and cities, it also indicates the development of national and per capita wealth; measures the growth of industry; reveals the rise and fall in land values; shows the sort of houses in which people live in both city and country districts; traces the movement of people from town to city; pictures the advances in public education. For the next ten years the material gathered in the census of 1930 will serve as the source for every serious study about the people of the United States. As fast as reports are given to the public they are studied by classes in civics, economics and sociology in the more progressive high schools and colleges. The census is our barometer of national progress.

But back of all community changes are spiritual realities which it is not so easy to count. Our educational system, our courts, our police protection, our social life, the real peace and contentment of our people, are all

undergirded by forces which cannot be tabulated in parallel columns. In spite of the labors of the census bureau, the work is not complete. Something unseen lies behind growth in population, behind all the visible evidences of enrichment in community life. Figures do not gauge the people's estimate of right and wrong, nor do they measure the forces of kindliness, of goodwill, of love, without which no community, no nation, can long endure.

In our technique of the census we have worked out a method of estimating all values except spiritual values. We have learned how to gauge all signs of progress except moral progress. We have learned how to count everybody but God. And yet in the effort to count him there has been a glorious succession of men and women who have gladly given their lives. Our frontiers have relentlessly pushed westward, and as men and women of pioneer stock have poured out upon the prairies or crowded into mine or forest, these heralds of the cross have gone willingly, that new communities might be reached with spiritual influences.

Many home mission fields are not geographical in character. In the realm of education, in the tangled maze of misunderstanding where race meets race, in social relations, in the business world, there are vast areas where Christ is not heeded. These too are part of the field of home missions; here too must go the emissaries of the cross; here too, when the census is taken, God must be counted.

But ours are not merely the problems of forgetting. Consumed with zeal to occupy "strategic centers," we have located mission churches in competing situations. Getting the denomination counted, we have often forgotten to count God. To face the twin problems of overlooking and of overlapping, a great home missions congress was held in Washington, D. C., in December of 1930. Eight hundred delegates representing thirty or more denominations and many associated organizations came together to see how competition might be eliminated, and how the dominating realities of the personality of Jesus might become regnant in places where he is not known. Detailed surveys made during the past three years by the Home Missions Council and covering every phase of the task provided the data used as a basis of the study. The delegates were divided into thirteen groups, each directed by specialists and each giving its undivided attention to a particular phase of the task.

We have been invited to adopt a wiser strategy, and called to a deeper consecration, that God may be counted in every relationship in our own land and throughout the whole world.

ROBERT N. MCLEAN

Los Angeles, California
March, 1931

CHAPTER I

The Church and the Community

THE green lumber wagon pulled off the narrow road and came to a stop in the shade of a towering sugar pine. Scarcely had the wheels ceased turning when my mother climbed down from the spring seat in front, her mind intent upon preparations for the noonday meal. But first she spread a blanket for her baby and gave him a couple of dry cones with which to play. Then, taking a towel and a cake of soap, she led her three older children to a spring which bubbled ice-cold from under a ledge of moss-covered rock.

For us at that time washing was an insult and eating only an annoyance. We were moving! Soon the powerful bay team would pull us to the top of the mountain range which had always hemmed us in. Beyond was the railroad! Beyond was the new town to which we were going! Beyond was the world!

For six years my father and mother had labored as missionaries in South America. Broken health had brought them home, and they had established themselves on a dry farm by the shores of Klamath Lake in an effort to regain the strength which they had lost. Finally, the health of both having been fully restored, my father had accepted an appointment as home mis-

sionary in Grants Pass, then a little gold-mining town on the newly completed railroad between Portland and San Francisco. And we were on our way.

Soon the horses were unhitched and the feed-bags buckled over their noses. Father stopped only long enough to build a little fire of pine cones, and then with a dry towel began to rub down the sweaty coats of the big horses. An ardent Republican, he had named the horses Blaine and Logan in honor of the defeated candidates for President and Vice President three years before. He meant no offense. Blaine and Logan were really the finest horses in all Klamath County.

The air was clean and cool, and when the noonday meal was over, we rested for a few moments while the baby slept. Then Blaine and Logan were again hitched to the big wagon, and once more we began the tortuous climb to the top of the range.

As a little boy I can remember looking off toward the towering mountains, wondering about the world which lay beyond. Things certainly could not help being different in that magical country. It must be the land of the fairy stories, the land where men were giants. But more wonderful than all else, it was the land of the engines and the trains. So often had my elders discussed the coming of the railroad that it had a very exaggerated importance in my mind. I had been told that I would be afraid of a train. It would snort and belch fire, and in the night look with a single piercing eye. Sometimes in my dreams a train would screech by and

leave me trembling with terror, but I was determined to be brave about it. Gradually I would come nearer, and some day I would even ride upon a train.

Blaine and Logan pulled the green wagon to the summit and then paused to rest. Before us stretched the broad expanse of the Rogue River valley. I looked out over the undulating foothills. Then I turned and looked back. There were more trees ahead, but otherwise there was not much difference. The grass was the same green, and the sky was the same blue. It was all a disappointment. I was like the bear; the other side of the mountain was all that I could see.

"Get up, Blaine! Get up, Logan!" said my father, and we began to descend the steep mountain grade. The brakes screeched, and the feet of the horses kicked up great clouds of dust. In the late afternoon we passed through the foothills and came out upon the broad lowlands. There were a few little farms, but mostly the country was heavily timbered, still awaiting the settler's ax.

Suddenly, just about dusk, we rounded a bend in the road, and the shod hoofs of Blaine and Logan sounded upon thick planking. To right and to left stretched parallel lines of steel.

"What's that?" I cried, pulling at my father's coat.

"The railroad," he laughed. "You've been talking about the railroad all day, and now you don't know it when you see it."

Just two lines of steel bound together by sticks of

wood, not unlike the cordwood with which we fed our open fires on the shores of Klamath Lake! To my mind at the moment that railroad had been much over-advertised.

The Pioneer Missionary

We spent the night at the farm of an old missionary called Father Williams, just outside of what was then the little town of Medford. I can see him yet as he stood at the gate in the early twilight, waiting to welcome us. His form was withered and bent, and he leaned heavily upon the gate. But in his eye there was a light which could never be put out. For years he had preached in all the little settlements up and down the valley, but now the railroad had come, and the little settlements were fast becoming towns and calling for pastors. And Father Williams was holding on, waiting to turn his work over to younger hands.

We children tarried that night only long enough for introductions before scampering down across Father Williams' fields to examine that railroad more closely. Suddenly a gang of Chinese section laborers pumped by on a handcar. So that was the train, the iron monster about which our elders had told us! My disillusionment was complete.

It was the night of another day when Blaine and Logan pulled the green lumber wagon into Grants Pass. Where two streets crossed, beat the very heart of the town. On one corner, with its hitching-post in front, was the postoffice. Across the street a big purple bowl

with a pestle announced a drug store. Diagonally across from the postoffice was the general merchandise store, while the fourth corner lot was improved only with a sign which announced that it was for sale to the first newcomer who should realize the opportunity its possession afforded. There were five hundred people in the town, and we made five hundred and six.

But Grants Pass really boomed after the railroad came. The little settlement of five hundred increased soon to a thousand, as miners, prospectors, river fishermen, and the necessary butchers, bakers and candlestick makers bought lots and built their houses. Soon the general merchandise store began to confine itself to the sale of drygoods, because two new stores which devoted themselves entirely to groceries had opened up in the town.

It seemed as if one new enterprise followed another. There was the new bank, in a brick building whose very solidity seemed to convey an impression of financial strength. It proclaimed itself the First National Bank of Southern Oregon, and in gilded letters across the large front window were the words, "Capital, \$50,000.00." Those two extra ciphers beyond the decimal point helped wonderfully to stretch the symbol of wealth across the pane. Then there was the new opera house, which, with its little tower, aspired to the dignity of a three-story building; the new schoolhouse; and always the saloons, which seemed to spring up over night—two for every other enterprise that was begun.

Getting God Counted

Our first religious services were held in the county court house. The program was very simple. Services morning and evening on Sunday, with Sunday school before the morning service, and a midweek prayer meeting. But my father exchanged his lumber wagon for a buckboard, and with the help of Blaine and Logan he immediately began to explore the outlying places for opportunities to preach. There were Merlin and Applegate and Jump-off Joe; Louse Creek, Hugo and Woodville—all little settlements of houses, each with its post-office and each struggling to be a town.

There is something almost human in the effort of a village to become a town, in the effort of a town to become a city. A community pride develops, differing little from the egotism of an individual. In Grants Pass we felt intense satisfaction in the acquisition of each new industry, in the coming of every new family. And who of us who lived there in those days will ever forget the joy of a baseball victory of our nine over the nine from Medford or Ashland, or the sorrow when our colors went down to defeat?

In all this we were simply trying to count absolutely everything which could be counted in our favor; and it was the business of home missions in that frontier town to see that God was counted too. The community was plastic, responsive; its thought-bents were taking shape. But in those early days there were not the material re-

sources necessary to put on the sort of religious program which would be effective in the moulding of the community character. Today the old saloon days remain little more than a memory in the minds of the oldest residents of a city which is among the most important in the state; and much of its Christian character it owes to the work of home missions. And the story of Grants Pass is like the story of a thousand communities, West and East, where home missionaries, backed by Christian people in other more settled places, have lived and labored.

A Church Two Centuries Old

In the spring of 1930 I was invited to deliver the address at the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of a church in New Jersey. It was not a city church, nor even a church located upon some main artery of country travel. Several miles before we reached our destination, my host had turned his car from the main highway and had taken a secondary road which led out through undulating fields already green with the crops of spring. The church was of wood, painted white and set upon a knoll in the midst of a grove of elm trees. On either side of the colonial building were white stones which marked the resting places of those who had lived their lives, either for good or for evil, in the community which the church served. Probably the little group of houses where the church centered its influence had started out two hundred years ago to be a village. If so, the dream was never realized.

It was an afternoon service, and from miles around the people had come for the celebration. The church was full of people, and of pictures. People and pictures inside the church, and the green yard outside, were all eloquent with the testimony of those whose lives had helped in the shaping of the community. On one side of the pulpit was the portrait of a pastor who had labored for forty years in this one church. Some of those present arose to tell of fathers and grandfathers, and even great-grandfathers who had lived in the parish. It was just a place where two roads crossed, and where two centuries ago somebody had thought that there would some day be a town. There has been no counting of stores and banks and factories, and not much counting of people, as the years have rolled by; but it seems that through the presence of that little church there has been a most remarkable counting of God.

Community Growth—and God

The history of our country has been marked by the successive acquisitions of large portions of territory. When the first thirteen colonies established their independence and formed a union for their own protection, there was little thought of future extension of domain. But as land became more scarce, pioneers began to push westward. Settlers poured into Ohio and then on into Illinois. Daniel Boone explored Kentucky and opened it for settlement. Later, because of European jealousies, it became possible for our government to buy the great

territory known as the Louisiana Purchase, and millions of acres of rich farm land were made available for colonization. Then came the Oregon territory, through treaty with Great Britain, and our boundary reached the Pacific. Finally, after the war with Mexico, there came into our possession the great Southwest.

With the acquisition of each new territory, men and women of hardihood have sold their belongings and have moved westward to establish themselves in the new land. The story of the advance of the flag to the Pacific Ocean is an epic. But as the pioneers in succeeding waves have cut the trees of the forest and established their farms, they have brought with them the peculiar vices and evils which always characterize a new community. The story of home missions in our country is the story of how the church has sent representatives to combat those vices and to emphasize the principles of Christ at the time when the community character was being formed. To have waited until these new communities were ready and willing to establish churches for themselves would have been to wait too long. It is when concrete is plastic that its form must be determined.*

The Gospel in Missouri: John Mason Peck

Not long ago I chanced upon a book which contained the story of John Mason Peck.¹ He spent his boyhood days in Litchfield County, Connecticut, the county which gave us Lyman and Henry Ward Beecher, and

¹ Don O. Shelton, *Heroes of the Cross in America*.

their sister Harriet Beecher Stowe, as well as Horace Bushnell. Soon after his conversion Peck chanced to read an article in a Baptist missionary magazine about work in India. At first he wished that he too might go abroad. But the Louisiana Purchase had just been consummated, and ere long Peck realized that he had a real field for service not far from home. "A large part of the American continent is also enveloped in darkness," he wrote. "Yes, under the immediate government of the United States there is an open field for missionary labor. How I should rejoice if Providence should open the door for my usefulness and labors in this way!"

But it was rather hard to convince the church at that time that sending missionaries to the new territory was worth while. The missionary board of the Baptist church then enjoyed a charter for foreign missions only. However, in May, 1817, a triennial missionary convention was held, and the board recommended a change in its constitution which would make it possible not only to take up the task of home missions but also to prepare candidates for missionary service. Even after this change was made, many felt that the board should limit its home missionary endeavors to the aiding of weak churches already established. The vision of the new field nevertheless triumphed, and Peck was commissioned as a missionary to begin work in St. Louis and surrounding territory.

To accomplish a journey from Philadelphia to St.

Louis is no great feat in these days. One can make the trip in a little over twenty-four hours in a Pullman car without change, and it is possible to fly in seven hours. But it took Peck and his family in 1817 a whole month just to cross Pennsylvania and get over the Alleghany Mountains. Three weeks more were required to cross the state of Ohio.

When the little missionary expedition reached the Mississippi, it was thought best to continue the journey by boat. The craft was small, the food was poor, and scarcely any provision was made for the comfort of the passengers. Once, when food ran short, the captain moored his boat and went off into the forest to shoot deer. And because he was a better sailor than woodsman he lost his way and did not return for several days. While he was gone, a storm came up which washed the lifeboat away and well-nigh wrecked the ship.

When Peck finally reached St. Louis he found a typical Western boom town. There were no hotels, and all the houses which had been built were occupied. The buildings were all frame, and none were more than one story high. There were plenty of saloons and gambling halls and dens of vice, and the people on the western shore of the river made the boast that the Christian Sabbath never had crossed and never should cross the Mississippi.

Peck began his work by renting a small storeroom. On week-days he and his wife taught school to any children who would come. There were many slaves in St.

Louis, and the children of these also were offered the opportunity for an education. On Sundays the room was used for Sunday school and church.

From St. Louis as a center, Peck and the students whom he taught traveled all over the state of Missouri. They established Sunday schools and Bible societies, and when the groups which met to listen to the preaching had grown strong enough, they were organized into churches. Peck started the publication of a religious paper, and because he saw the need of laborers in this vast harvest field, he founded a theological seminary. For forty years he poured his life into the developing communities of the state of Missouri. It was said of him after he had gone that "no other pioneer did more than he to guide the thoughts, mould the manners, and form the institutions of the West." And after all, that is really the task of home missions—to guide the thoughts, mould the manners, and form the institutions of communities.

Of course the Baptists were not alone in seeing the great opportunity for home missionary endeavor which the Louisiana Purchase opened to the church. The Methodists, with their very effective system of circuit riders, early pressed into the same region, and missionaries from other denominations were quick to bear their part of the burden in the evangelization of new areas. Equally was this true of other large portions in the territory later added to the public domain. In the Oregon country, in the Southwest, in California, in Alaska, in

Porto Rico, the home missionary has been early in the field to plead for that idealism without which no land is safe.

What If There Were No Churches?

We can better understand the work of home missions if we realize that about ninety per cent of all our churches were once supported by home mission aid. It would be an interesting project to look up the history of the church to which you belong. When was it started? How much home mission money was invested in it? What does your own city or town owe to home missions? What part has your church played in the development of the community? What have its various pastors and members had to do with the establishment of schools? With the organization of community enterprises? With the whole story of community betterment?

If you could push the years aside and go back to the early days in the life of your own church, you might find yourself in the midst of stirring times. Most certainly the church did not achieve its mission merely by erecting a building and holding services. It has been an influence at every point of community life, and the opponent of all the organized forces of evil. Getting God counted in a community is never accomplished without a struggle.

CHAPTER II

The Fight for Civic Righteousness

IT WAS two o'clock in the morning, and Li Wong was still busy in the back room of his little house on South Fourth Street. The washing was always big at the end of the week, and on Monday there was to be some sort of celebration in the town—Li Wong did not know exactly what. These Americans were queer; they were always having a field day or a baseball game or a celebration of some kind. Maybe it was to be something like the Chinese New Year. Whatever it was, it meant extra washing, because every man would want a clean shirt and a stiff collar. And the shirts and collars which men wore in the early nineties had to be very stiff indeed.

The little back room was warm. Li Wong liked to have his irons hot, so he constantly turned from his work to stuff more pine wood into the fire. Shirts and collars and cuffs; cuffs and collars and shirts; it seemed that there was nothing else in his laundry any more. The women did the easy work, and sent the starched things to the Chinaman.

Suddenly, in the midst of the quiet of the night, Li Wong heard the sound of voices out under the window in the front room. Quickly he blew out the kerosene

lamp, and, opening the door which connected the two rooms, tiptoed to the window to investigate. As he drew back the curtain two men leaped the picket fence which surrounded his little house and ran up the street. Li Wong said something under his breath in Chinese. Bad men were always bothering him. People called for their laundry bundles, so he hardly ever left his house; but occasionally he had to go out to make purchases, and almost always, when he did, someone insulted him. He could understand the words of some of the things said, and he could understand the tone of all of them. Many of his fellow-countrymen were working with pick and shovel on the section gangs of the new railroad, and now that work was scarce, the people of the town hated all Chinese. But the coolies who worked on the railroad came from a different part of China and spoke a different language; Li Wong hardly knew them. And even if the coolies had taken the jobs of the white men, how could they blame him? Nobody but Chinese in Grants Pass seemed to want to do washing. It was before the days of the steam laundry.

Li Wong went back to his hot stove and his irons. He finished a shirt with a mirror-like gloss and then wrapped up a bundle. Tying it with a white string the end of which he held in his mouth, he marked it with a single long stroke of his pencil. The shirt belonged to the tall thin man who lived at the end of Main Street.

Without warning there came a terrific blast. The

force of it threw the laundryman against the wall of his little kitchen, and sent the piles of collars and stiff-bosomed shirts flying in all directions. Li Wong sat for a moment rubbing his head. Then he scrambled to his feet and, lighting a candle, began to survey the ruins of his house. The front wall had fallen in, and every window in the place was broken. Incongruously, one post of the door frame was left standing, and from it the door still swung upon its hinges. In the corner was a great gaping hole in the floor, a hole which seemed to go far down into the ground itself.

"A White Man's Country"

The next morning I went, with all the small boys of Grants Pass, to see the ruins of Li Wong's house. Pretty nearly everybody in town seemed to be there. I was just ten years old, and like most little pitchers, had big ears. Most of the men to whom I listened seemed to think that the Chinaman had received his deserts. For the first time in my life I heard that this is a white man's country, and that any foreigner who comes to take a white man's work while honest Americans are out of jobs ought to be run out of the country. Even at that time I can remember the uneasiness which I felt about it all. None of the men I heard talking looked like competitors in the laundry business. Doing washing in the early nineties in Grants Pass seemed to be peculiarly a Chinese job. The only competition Li Wong had was offered by his Chinese brethren.

The inspection of damage to the house was made as a detour on my way to school. Upon going home at noon for luncheon I heard more about the subject. In fact, my father was quite full of it. During the morning he had visited Li Wong and had started a subscription to rebuild his dwelling. As we ate together he sorted out my tangled ideas and made me see what a despicable deed had been done.

The destruction of that house seemed also to furnish an abundance of homiletic material for the next Sunday night's sermon. My father had served with Grant in the Civil War, following which experience he had ridden the plains of New Mexico for six years as a cowboy. He knew men, and he knew how to shoot straight from the shoulder; the things which he had to say that Sunday night about racial hatred and fair play made a decided impression.

"Let the Church Mind Its Own Business"

So great an impression was made, indeed, that probably for the first time in the history of the town a sermon was discussed heatedly in the saloons along Main Street. The general opinion seemed to be that a church was a good thing in a town if it confined itself to the preaching of the pure gospel; but when a preacher undertook to discuss matters of business and politics it was time to call a halt. Out of the discussion, from one of the Main Street saloons there finally was sent to my father an anonymous letter. It stated the position of

the lawless element of the community positively and eloquently. No action was to be taken on the present breach of community etiquette, but if the offense was ever repeated, a group of citizens was ready to wait upon the preacher, and after giving him a coat of tar and feathers, to ride him out of town upon a rail. Chinamen and Chinese sympathizers were simply not wanted in Grants Pass.

"People who write anonymous letters never have courage to attack except from behind," said my father. And so he loaded his double-barreled shotgun with buckshot and leaned it against the wall at the head of his bed. Then he took one of the grips from my tri-cycle and fitted it into the end of a short length of water pipe. It made a very serviceable and inconspicuous cane.

The writers of the anonymous letter did not have long to wait for their reply. The next Sunday night the unsigned communication was read in the pulpit, and an open challenge was made to the lawless element of the community. For months the law-abiding residents had been discussing the situation, and the attack upon the laundryman's house seemed to bring things to a head. Prostitution was flaunting itself openly upon the streets, while every billiard-hall and many of the barber shops were gambling dens. And the saloons—there seemed to be two saloons for every legitimate store, and all of them did a thriving business. The church had been long enough on the job to have crystallized the

law-abiding sentiment of the town, and any number of strong business men openly backed my father in the stand he had taken. In his sermon that second Sunday night notice was served that the laws were to be enforced; if the officials sworn to support the law were unable or unwilling to keep faith with the people, the people were to see that they were replaced.

There were no tar and feathers and no rail, and my father never had to use his water-pipe cane or his shotgun. The bomb that had burst under Li Wong's little laundry was the first shot in a local war for civic righteousness.

It was not a war which was won in a day, nor in a year. On the southwest corner of Sixth and Main Streets, the principal corner in the town, was a particularly notorious saloon. One Monday morning when the battle for decency was at its height, the proprietor of this saloon, a big burly fellow whom we shall call Welters, stopped my father on Sixth Street, said a few insulting words, and struck him in the face. A few months later the twelve-year-old daughter of Welters became ill with pneumonia. When my father heard of it he went immediately to the home, which was in an apartment above the saloon. The big fellow answered the knock at the door, and when he saw the minister whom he had insulted and attacked, he just stood and looked at him, while the tears coursed down his face. Then, without saying a word, he stepped aside and opened the door.

The child was already unconscious. My father stayed with the family until the light of the kerosene lamp began to pale before the coming of the dawn, when the little one slipped away. Then he went out to arrange for the funeral service, which he conducted. Later the local option law became the weapon which put Welters out of business. He promptly changed his saloon into a pool hall and soft drink parlor. He became one of the best friends my father had in the town, and while he never made a confession of faith, he was a fairly regular attendant at church services.

Keeping Up the Fight

Every church in a pioneer community has to make a fight for civic righteousness. Not always is it wise or even necessary for the pastor to take the lead, as did my father, but the church by its teaching and its idealism must so mould public opinion that standards of righteous living shall become a positive, aggressive force. Otherwise the church will nullify its own work. It is the business of the church to stand for spiritual realities—to get God counted in the community; and this it cannot do while organized forces of evil are pulling the other way. A Sunday school working with a group of children one hour a week cannot accomplish much if the same children are attending salacious movies two or three times a week. So also the church's invitation to clean living and to communion with God becomes ineffective if those who need it most are constantly worked

upon by the appeal of the saloon, brothel, or gambling den.

To put it as do the sociologists, there are both constructive and destructive social stimuli present in every community. These stimuli, emanating from individuals and organizations, play upon other individuals in the social structure. The school, the community house, the church, are all constructive social stimuli; but they cannot accomplish anything if there are more and stronger destructive stimuli which are constantly tending to nullify their efforts. A popular word today in all our terminology is integration. It is the business of the church to integrate the forces that make for character in the individual, to organize his faculties, and to motivate them for good. Evil institutions tend to disintegrate or to disorganize these forces. Hence the church, whose concern must always be for the welfare of the individual, cannot do otherwise than join in the fight for civic righteousness.

My father believed this so thoroughly that in those early days in Grants Pass he insisted upon the church taking a very active part in the politics of the town. The church vote was always something to be reckoned with in every election. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should have served a term in the state legislature and stumped the state as presidential elector in one of the national campaigns.

There were not lacking those who said he preached politics, nor those who sought to lessen his influence

politically because he was a preacher. In the presidential campaign he was once slated with a Portland lawyer for a joint debate to be held in the United Presbyterian Church in the little town of Halsey. The lawyer spoke first. Placing his notes upon the pulpit, he immediately picked them up again.

"You will pardon me," he explained, "for the discomfort which I feel in this place. I am not accustomed to speak from the sacred desk, and you will understand me, I am sure, when I step down to a level with my fellow-citizens to discuss the issues of the day." And amid great applause he left the platform and spread his notes upon the table in front of the pulpit. When my father's turn came he went into the pulpit. "I can understand the embarrassment of my opponent," he began. "This is the place from which the truth is proclaimed. As I have no intention of proclaiming anything but the truth, I have no hesitancy in speaking from this place."

Just how far should the church in its fight for civic righteousness enter politics? Should it be content merely to create public opinion, or should it take an open part in the struggle for effective action?

Usually the church is able to accomplish its purpose by working as a great silent force to shape the lives of men.

When John Mason Peck went into St. Louis and began his work in the Missouri territory, he wrote back that at least half of the Anglo-American population

was made up of "infidels of a low, indecent grade, and utterly worthless." These early inhabitants of Missouri did not show toward religion even the ordinary respect which it usually has commanded among gamblers and saloon men in other pioneer Western communities. They went to great lengths to show their contempt for the Christian faith, even holding mock celebrations of the Lord's supper in their drunken orgies. But the mere fact that the church was in the community, standing for righteousness, had its effect. What might the moral tone of the state of Missouri have become, if the home missionaries had not gone into every town and hamlet and preached the gospel during that formative period in the history of the territory?

The Winning of Arizona

Not long ago in New York City I met a man who lived in the state of Arizona a quarter of a century ago. I was telling him something of the fine new cities, the civic pride, the good roads, the splendid schools, the wholesome and progressive spirit of that state today, and he in turn told me something about the Arizona of twenty-five years ago. At that time everything was wide open. In Globe, in Bisbee, in Tucson, in Phoenix, there seemed to be saloons on every corner of every block. Drinking and gambling and prostitution flourished openly. Arizona was the last frontier of the West, and as such it made a strong appeal to the church in the East. Missionaries were sent into the territory,

and in a quarter of a century they accomplished great things. Arizona was dry before the Volstead Act was passed, and for years had to fight the flow of booze from Lordsburg, just over the line in New Mexico. The southeastern part of the state is the greatest copper-producing area in the world, and its towns and cities are almost all mining camps; but these camps are for the most part quiet and peaceful, and as law-abiding as other communities. A network of fine roads covers the state, while the public school system is perhaps second to none.

The Struggle Against Intemperance

For years the church everywhere has been waging a fight against the liquor traffic, particularly against the public saloon, for no institution in the country was doing more to undermine its message and its mission. In 1920 there was great rejoicing among Christian people because an amendment to the Constitution became effective forbidding the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. Unfortunately, however, the church committed the error of thinking that the battle was finished when in reality it had just begun. Law always depends upon public opinion for its final authority, and it is certainly the business of the church to form public opinion. For forty years before the adoption of the eighteenth amendment, the various denominations had maintained national boards of temperance, temperance societies were organized in every community, lectures

were constantly being given on the evils of liquor. In the public schools no lesson in physiology was complete without graphic and arresting instruction as to the effects of alcohol upon the human organism. In society the arbiters of good form made it a social offense for anyone to be seen under the influence of liquor. Long before the saloon became an outlaw it was a social outcast, while the immoderate use of liquor was everywhere condemned.

But the church has grown lax in her efforts and weary in her fight. Thinking herself secure behind the bulwark of a constitutional amendment, she has permitted the forces of evil to remould the public opinion which it took her a century to form. The young people today who are just coming to voting age do not know the evils of the licensed saloon as do the members of the previous generation. For the sake of a law upon the statute books, we have bartered the moral restraint of the people and the mighty current of public opinion, which is stronger than any legislation can possibly be. We forget that the liquor traffic always has been and always will be an outlaw. When the saloon was licensed and legitimate it was constantly violating every law which was passed for its control. No constitutional amendment could change the leopard's spots. The prohibition law will and should remain as it is; but it must be buttressed by education, and by the redevelopment of public opinion. The church must renew her fight against the evil which is never down until it is dead.

It is most important also that the young people of the present generation who have never known the open saloon, should appreciate the subtle nature of the propaganda which is being used to overthrow the eighteenth amendment. A quarter of a century ago the liquor interests were frankly and admittedly aligned with the forces of lawlessness; today they have taken to themselves the word crusade, pleading that they are fighting to make lawlessness impossible, and to protect the youth of the country from corrupt influences.

Obviously, if there were no laws of any sort, there would be no law-breaking; but a community without laws would scarcely be a desirable place in which to live. It is specious logic to plead that the way to do away with law-breaking is to do away with law. And yet it is just this type of argument which is flooding our wet press. One of our daily papers, one that calls itself "the greatest newspaper in the world," recently published a cartoon which is indicative of the effort to charge the evils of the liquor traffic to the prohibition law. In the center of the picture the gaunt figure of Death swings a scythe which is labeled "Prohibition." Behind him are rows of grave-stones fading into the distance. To the left stands a figure in puritanical garb, pointing to the reaper and saying, "Give him a chance to make good!"

We must remember that the liquor traffic has always been a law-breaker, and will continue to be a law-breaker to the end of the chapter. If light wines and beer were permitted, all the forces and capital of the

bootleg interests would be turned to the manufacture and distribution of hard liquors. As a boy in Grants Pass I can remember in the early days of the fight that certain laws were passed to curb the drink evil; and always the saloons were selling to minors, always they were selling liquor on election days, always they were keeping open beyond the prescribed hours, and always on Sunday a line of drunks slipped in through the back door, to be served by a complacent saloon-keeper in violation of the law. There were thousands of "blind pigs" in every large city before the Volstead Act was passed, because liquor interests were always ready to violate the law so that they might escape the payment of federal and other taxes. Leagued with the liquor interests were the forces of gambling and organized vice, because there have always been those willing to fatten upon human misery. The grim reaper in the cartoon has the wrong name upon his scythe.

Other Evils

But the greatest danger comes from the fact that the effort to undermine the prohibition law involves the efforts of those who would undermine all law. It is because of this that President Hoover has said that we are suffering from a subsidence of our very foundations. Democracy crumbles when people begin to decide for themselves which laws they shall break and which laws they shall obey. In the middle ages there were crime societies and crime guilds. Thievery was an organized

business, and the work of skilfully separating a man from his possessions was taught new recruits just like any other profession. We have fondly imagined that such things in modern times and under modern systems of government were impossible. In this country, however, we again have crime guilds which we call gangs, while the whole business of lawlessness has been put upon a highly organized basis. Perhaps in no civilized country except the United States would it be possible for notorious gangsters to build up immense fortunes with immunity, simply because the immense revenues of the business which they conduct in violation of the law permit them to pervert justice on a large scale.

There are many wrongs which need to be righted, and the more we study them, the more we are struck by the fact that they are strangely interrelated. Perhaps we can do no better than to conclude our study on this theme of lawlessness by facing some very pertinent questions:

Why are the Russian and the Mexican governments both more assiduously engaged in teaching the evils of alcoholism than is the American government?

What can we as young people do to help support the prohibition law?

How can we help create a greater respect for law in general? How can we help create a public conscience that will be able to protest effectively against civic corruption?

What ought we to do about child labor?

Is there a fair distribution of profits in industry? If not, what can be done about it?

What about the movies? Do they present a just picture of American life? Is there too much emphasis upon sex? Does the type of movies shown have anything to do with the present crime wave? What can young people do to improve the movies in their own communities?

The young person who seriously tries to answer these questions is battling upon the new frontier of home missions.

CHAPTER III

There Had to be Schools

MAGGIE FLEMING, riding high upon the front seat of a big lumber wagon, was being treated to her first glimpse of New Mexico. In the rear of the wagon was her trunk, together with a supply of groceries, drygoods and hardware which Maxwell Phillips, the minister, had purchased in Las Vegas.

It was good for Maggie Fleming that the first few miles of the journey had been over comparatively level country. She had ridden in farm wagons before, of course, but never over such roads as the one which she now traveled. She was rather glad that she had become used to the wagon and the holes in the road before she reached the mountains.

"The school will make all the difference in the world," Mr. Phillips was saying as he skilfully guided the horses around a bad hole in a broken bridge. "You have no idea of the ignorance of the people. Hardly an adult can read, and the children are like wild things. But they are all anxious to learn. I rather imagine that you will find many men and women wanting to be enrolled in your classes."

Maggie Fleming had come all the way from Ohio to be a mission school teacher in New Mexico. She was

sure she was going to like it. She liked the keen high air of the mountains, she liked the great splotches of yellow and gold upon the sides of the hills. It was late September, and the aspen leaves had felt the first touch of the fingers of the frost. She was going to like New Mexico, but then, people who knew Maggie Fleming said that she liked everything. Back there in Ohio, however, they didn't know and couldn't know how much she was going to need her happy, optimistic spirit during the days ahead.

"And is there no school at all in Agua Negra?" she asked the minister.

Mr. Phillips laughed. "Yes, there's a sort of school, but the man who teaches it is a teacher only because he has to be given some sort of political job. He knows little more than the children themselves, and few parents send their children to school."

The New Teacher Sees New Mexico

Maggie Fleming had eyes for everything. She was fascinated by the flat-roofed adobe houses, festooned at this time of the year with long strings of red peppers drying in the warm sun. Soon, as they rounded a bend in the road, she saw a woman plastering with bare hands a fresh coat of mud on an old adobe house.

"Why," she exclaimed, "that's a man's work! Why don't the men do it?" A hundred yards farther along she saw what the men were doing. With a herd of mountain goats they were threshing out the grain. In

the center of a hard floor of baked adobe stood a stack of grain just as it had been cut from the field. Around this stack the goats were running while men with forks threw the grain beneath the animals' feet, nor did the goats run away, because of the attraction of that stack of grain and the chance for stray bites as they milled about it.

The green lumber wagon creaked down a little hill, and the feet of the horses splashed through a brook. Half a mile ahead Maggie Fleming saw a tiny cluster of houses on the side of a slope. They drew nearer, and almost the entire town was waiting to greet them. Most Spanish towns are built about a hollow square called the plaza; and so in New Mexico every community of Spanish-speaking people is called a plaza to distinguish it from an Indian community, which is a pueblo. But there was no plaza in Agua Negra. The houses were just strung along on each side of the road, as if they were too lazy to arrange themselves in a more orderly fashion.

Starting a Mission School

There were many surprises in store for Maggie Fleming. The only place she could find in which to hold school was the church, and the church was nothing but a little adobe storeroom about fourteen feet by sixteen. There was one door and one window. The floor was made of hard-packed adobe, and grass was growing on the two-foot sod of earth which constituted the roof.

In one corner of the room was a fireplace, fashioned, like almost everything else, out of mud. The fathers of the children brought for the fireplace sticks of clean white pine that had been cut high in the mountains.

Mr. Phillips had been right in his prophecy that the grown people would want to come to school. At first some of the women made their children an excuse, tarrying to watch with hungry eyes the lessons written upon the blackboard. Then in a few weeks Miss Fleming organized a night school, and for three nights a week she went back to the bare little room to teach the men and women of Agua Negra how to read and write.

When people live close to the soil, seedtime and harvest mean more to them than anything else; so when the snow melted and grass began to clothe the slopes, Maggie Fleming found that not only was her night school deserted, but the children were taken out of school to do their part in the labor of the fields.

The Penitentes

It was in the spring also that the ceremonies of the Penitentes interfered seriously with the work of teaching. For forty days the members of this strange order wandered in the mountains, fasting in imitation of Christ. Often in the early morning Miss Fleming saw them in the dim glades of the mountain canyon which flanked the school; and several times in the dusk of evening she had seen some of the women making their way to the mountains, carrying steaming earthenware vessels

filled with beans. There are limits even to penitential fasting.

During the holy week of that first year the new teacher watched the procession to the Golgotha just outside the little town. Every night of the week until Thursday, strange noises had emanated from the house, or *morada*, where the Penitentes held their meetings. Then, late on Thursday night, the men of the order came in solemn procession from the *morada*. At the head of the line marched one who had been selected to bear a heavy cross. Behind him came the torch-bearers and the *flagelantes*; these last, stripped to the waist, beat themselves with cruel whips until the blood ran from their backs into the dust of the street. At the Golgotha they tied the cross-bearer to his cross, and in the still mountain air Miss Fleming could hear him calling for nails. It was all part of the drama, and he was probably glad that they fastened him only with thongs.

All through that hard, cold, first winter Mr. Phillips was the new teacher's adviser, helper and friend. He had many other stations to visit, but he was sure to be at Agua Negra at least once in every two weeks. Always Maggie Fleming looked forward to his coming; there were so many problems to solve, so many questions upon which she needed counsel. "If we can just keep them in school for a few winters, they will learn to read," she used to say, "and then all of our work will be so much easier."

What Mission Schools Have Meant to the People

Certainly people just *had* to have schools in the mountains of New Mexico. When the first missionaries went into this region and began their work among the Spanish-speaking people, they found illiteracy the first great problem. The people are the descendants of the Spanish conquerors who, coming north from Mexico City conquered the country and established settlements long before the *Mayflower* landed on the shores of Massachusetts. They soon became, however, the most isolated folk in America—isolated from their kinsfolk in Mexico by long miles of desert and mountain, and isolated later just as effectively by barriers of blood and language from the Anglo-Saxons who poured into the West. The first missionaries began their work preaching in the homes of any who would open doors to them, or even in the corners of the public plazas. But always they were handicapped by the people's illiteracy. It did no good to distribute tracts or to sell Bibles which could not be read. And soon the missionaries began to write to their boards in the East, asking that mission schools be opened to help them in their work. They felt that they could not get God counted in these forgotten communities of the mountains unless the darkness could be driven from the minds of the people.

This work of education was a hard battle and a long one. As always where there is much ignorance, there was also much intolerance and superstition. Men who

knew how to plant seed and gather harvests and had accumulated the elementary knowledge necessary to the keeping of the simplest accounts, could not be aroused to the importance of education for their children. To be able to identify letters of the alphabet was thought to be an advanced step in learning, while to know how to read and write was evidence of a finished culture.

It would be difficult, indeed impossible, to weigh the contribution which mission schools have made to the life of New Mexico. Established by the home boards of the different denominations all over the state, they have acted as a spur to the erection of a more adequate system of public instruction; and usually the church, as soon as the community has shown itself able to handle its own educational problem, has withdrawn and closed its school. One denomination which formerly had plaza schools in not less than a score of communities, now maintains but six, and most of these are quite as much community centers as schools. During the fifty years that these schools have been in operation, they have built Christian character in the lives of thousands of people who have passed through their doors.

"La Mestra"

One winter I was asked by the board which I represent to visit the plaza school at Mogote, just over the line from New Mexico in the southern part of Colorado. I knocked at the door of the little school building about three o'clock on a cold afternoon. The last class, one

in geography, was reciting, and I sat and watched their work. A few moments later school was out, and forty boys and girls trudged off into the snow. Then I sat down with Mollie Clements, the teacher, to discuss the future of the school. Was it needed in the community? Had it accomplished its purpose? Was the public school adequate to meet the educational needs? Should the mission school be closed?

These questions occupied our thoughts as we sat in the little front room of the teacher's cottage. At least they occupied mine. Perhaps, as she faced the idea of leaving, the thoughts of Mollie Clements were occupied with memories of the twenty-five years of service she had given in this one community. Perhaps before her eyes there trooped the long procession of boys and girls who had learned their reading, writing and arithmetic under her kindly instruction.

As we talked there came a knock at the door. Miss Clements opened it, and I heard her exclaim, "How do you do, Manuel?"—the friendly greeting of a full-grown man by his first name.

It seemed that Manuel had a sick calf. Would *la mestra*—they always say *mestra* for *maestra*—please come and see what was the matter with it? *La mestra* would; having promised, she came back to continue the discussion. Soon there came another knock. This time it was a little girl, who held up a small china-headed doll that had doubtless made its way into the mud plaza by the avenue of a mail order house. The head of the doll

was broken. Would *la mestra* please glue it together again?

The next visitor was a woman with a *mantilla* over her head. She too was greeted by her first name, for she had once been a pupil in the school. But the problem which she had brought to *la mestra* had etched itself into the lines of her face and had deposited itself somewhere behind her eyes, where it could be seen showing through. It was a problem which the visitor did not wish to declare even to Miss Clements in the presence of a stranger.

As we talked on into the early twilight, there came other people with their problems, their cares, even their joys. Perhaps after that discussion I had little wisdom to offer as to the usefulness of that school in the future, but I had much testimony as to its usefulness in the past. Mollie Clements, during her quarter of a century of service, had written her character and the character of her Christ into the lives of the people among whom she labored. She had taught them their arithmetic and their geography. She had schooled them in the ways of Jesus. More important than all else, the spirit of her Master, shining through her personality, had made its impress upon the lives of her pupils.

A Mission School at Work

These little community schools, where mission teachers have taught and lived the principles of Jesus, are to be found in every backward group—in Alaska, in our

own Southern mountains, among the Indians, in the islands of the West Indies. Because they are alive, and because living things grow, extensive educational institutions have developed from the work they have done.

Travel ninety-nine miles east of Dallas on the Texas Pacific Railway and you come to the little town of Hawkins. Not far away is the beautiful rolling campus of Jarvis Christian Institute. This is an institution which grew out of the prayers and sacrifices of the Negro people in the churches of the Disciples of Christ. They knew that their churches would never prosper without a better trained leadership, and to secure better leaders a college was necessary. The only resources upon which they could count, however, were the power of prayer and their own scant savings. So they prayed and they saved. Nobody can estimate the value or the power of their praying, but their saving in all the churches totaled a little more than eight hundred dollars.

Then the Christian Women's Board of Missions became interested in what they were trying to do, and Major James J. Jarvis and Mrs. Jarvis gave four hundred and fifty-six acres of beautifully wooded land upon which to establish the institution. Now a college cannot be built on eight hundred dollars and an empty tract of land. But there is always some man or woman ready to make sacrifices, to pour the resources of personality into the crucible, that a college may live and not die. This personality in the case of Jarvis Christian

Institute was found in Thomas D. Frost, a young educated Negro from Edwards, Mississippi.

Although Mr. Frost had little money and no buildings with which to begin, he had valuable resources in the Negro people. It did not take him long to prove that when it comes to building a school, the interest and need of the population to be served by it are worth more than brick and stone and mortar and land, and more than money in the bank. And the Negro population of school age in Texas, Oklahoma and western Louisiana is almost four hundred thousand. In Texas alone there are about two hundred and thirty thousand, and ten thousand of these live within seventy-five miles of Hawkins.

The little old shop of rough boards where work was begun has grown during the years to a substantial community of buildings. James N. Ervin became president in 1914, and he has contributed largely to the success of the institution. Recently a new girls' dormitory costing fifty thousand dollars was added to the group of buildings. The institution now comprises an elementary school, a high school, and a junior college. Gradually, however, the enrollment in the elementary school is decreasing, while that of the college is growing. The college fills a place where public education as yet does not adequately function.¹

With a Negro population of between twelve and

¹ Christian Board of Publication, *Survey of Service*, 1928, p. 1778.

thirteen millions in this country, and this population constantly increasing, it is probable that there will always be a field for such schools as Jarvis Christian Institute.

When Shall a Mission School Withdraw?

Inexorably, no matter how good they are, mission schools have to face continually the question of the termination of their work. When is it time to withdraw and leave the task of education to the state? Sometimes the very success of the mission school shortens its life. Such a school, more than any other institution, can work itself out of a job. Not only must the mission school supply the need for education, but it must also fire people with a realization that the need really exists. And the more quickly and effectively the school does its work, the sooner it will have to close its doors.

A school inevitably develops a personality, a character. It draws to itself the people who have contributed to it and are therefore interested in its success, and some of these people are so shortsighted as to believe that if the school closes its doors, their investment has been lost. A school develops also an increasing number of alumni. These think and speak affectionately of the school, and whenever a suggestion is made that it be closed, they immediately arise to what they regard as a defense of alma mater.

There is a certain point in the development of any community when the mission school which was once a

great asset becomes a liability. State aid in education is usually made available upon the pupil-enrollment basis; and if a mission school is drawing a considerable number of children by reason of the advantages it has to offer, the public school is not able to draw as heavily upon state funds and consequently is hampered in its work. The Home Missions Congress at Washington asked for a definite re-evaluation of the work of the schools, just as it asked for a reappraisal of all the work in the home mission field. Some of our missionary schools have been found to be running upon a very high cost per pupil basis, when the investment in buildings, grounds, upkeep, and budget for running expenses have all been taken into consideration.

It is an interesting thing to note just how this relinquishment of the field on the part of mission schools has aided the whole cause of public education. Not a few of our state universities were once missionary colleges, established by men who went out to labor upon the Western frontier and discovered that they could not make their message count effectively until educational institutions were established to train leaders for the work. Many colleges once financed largely out of missionary funds and controlled by denominational agencies, are now governed by their own boards of directors, while their courses are regulated by the state.

The mission school has had a long and glorious history, and there are many fields where its work is far from finished. But the sacrificial nature of the enter-

prise demands that, when the time comes, the mission school shall be ready to close its doors for the greatest good of the whole community. The educational task of the church will not be completed, however, with the closing of its missionary schools. Ever broadening avenues of service are open to it, for the church is itself a school.

CHAPTER IV

The Church Must Still Educate

ABOUT a hundred years ago a Methodist preacher, upon arriving at his appointment in a town in Tennessee, found this placard nailed to the door of the meeting-house: "This church shall not be desecrated by its use as a Sabbath school."

The minister soon learned that the notice was the result of a disagreement among the members of the congregation. A good woman, feeling that the children of the church were not receiving adequate religious instruction through listening to long sermons which they could not understand, had organized a Sunday school in her home. When the school outgrew the accommodations available, she had thought that it might with perfect propriety be held in the church. But she had not counted upon the prejudices of the deacons. It was a full year before the new minister was able to convince the board that a Sunday school could be held in the church without desecrating its sanctity. The church which thus sought a hundred years ago to keep itself unspotted from the world was the McKendree Methodist Church in the city of Nashville.

At about the same time and not far away a Presbyterian church burned to the ground. Immediately the

officials began the circulation of a subscription for funds for rebuilding the structure. The New York *Christian Advocate*, which vouches for the story, does not tell us whether the pledge card used reflected the intolerance of the community or the prejudices of the officials who circulated it. The card, however, contained a reservation couched in these words: "I am making this subscription with the understanding that this building shall never be desecrated by its use as a Sabbath school."

The Church Is a School

These two incidents show that the church has really gone a long way in the religious education of its children. When Robert Raikes started the first Sunday school in the city of Gloucester, England, in the year 1780, he met with open opposition. The Archbishop of Canterbury called the bishops together to see what could be done about it, while the Presbyterians in Scotland declared that the teaching of the Bible on the Sabbath by laymen was nothing short of a breach of the fourth commandment. William Pitt is said to have even contemplated a bill to suppress the Sunday school by act of Parliament.

We must never forget that the church itself is an educational institution. To it is committed the task of training the young given into its care. Beginning with the first efforts to discharge this duty as seen in the simple Sunday school, the idea has grown until many

churches today are squarely facing the task of religious education. All of this work, whether it be done by a mission board or by a local church, is, strictly speaking, home missionary work, for it means the projection of the teachings of Jesus into unoccupied areas. And one of the greatest of unoccupied areas is in the field of religious education. There was a time when the Bible was read and religious instruction of the most elementary sort was given as part of the program of the public school. The different religious groups, however, because of jealousy and mutual distrust, have succeeded in having all religious instruction barred from the public schools.

The Roman Catholic church has always maintained its own parish schools, and these schools have given religious instruction. Because our Protestant churches stand for the separation of church and state, we have depended upon the home to supply the religious instruction which is not given in the public school. But both Protestants and Roman Catholics are united in their conviction that education cannot go forward entirely upon a factual basis. It is impossible to study history, for example, and leave God out of the picture. Merely to know how others have acted in certain crises is not enough; a plan of action can be formulated only when moral values also are cast into the balance. To have learned, for instance, from the study of the World War the simple fact that war is hell, is to have got more of real education than to know the names and the dates

of the battles, and the number of men engaged on both sides.

Where the Church Fails

Although its program is inadequate and in many places ineffective, the church is really giving religious education to millions of children who would otherwise be without it. But the church is not adequately meeting its opportunity in this great home missionary field; first, because it does not realize to the full the importance of the work it is doing, and second, because it is leaving so many millions of children without any sort of religious training.

At the meeting of the National Education Association held in Atlantic City in 1930, much consideration was given to the necessity of cooperation on the part of the public school with other established institutions in the community. No mention was made of the church, and yet there is no institution with which the school ought to cooperate more completely. If we have not ourselves realized the importance of the work we are doing, can we complain if others have been slow to realize it also?

While we impressively quote statistics which prove that practically all our gains in church membership are among young people, we go on, year after year, spending most of our available money in work for adults. Most of our churches and church people are, as Dr. Harold McAfee Robinson says, adult-minded. Church buildings are usually constructed about an auditorium

as the room of prime importance; and if, after this is constructed and decorated and a pipe organ is installed, there be some money left over, additional rooms are provided for Sunday school, social, or other purposes. The auditorium is the main ring of the performance, while equipment for educational work constitutes the sideshow. Our church pews are still built so that if children remain after Sunday school for a church service which the congregation regards as the main event of the week, they must wearily swing their feet above the floor.

Forgetting the children, we have sought to go forward numerically upon the gains made by what we have been pleased to call the evangelistic method. We have permitted destructive influences to play upon the characters of the children, and have counted upon creating some artificial emotional crisis under confusion of which the church shall be able later to enter the citadel of the soul and take possession of it. Too long we have imported sensational preachers, and with brass bands and claptrap methods sought to break and remake habits of character. Too long we have been careless of the fact that in the developing life of the individual, God himself has provided emotional crises when the church, as at no other time, has its evangelistic opportunity.

When the child first leaves its mother and goes to school; when the adolescent period comes like the spring thaw after a long winter; when a young man or woman graduates from college and faces an untried world;

when a young couple marries; when the first baby is born to the home; when the angel of death taps at the door and carries away in his cold arms a member of the household—all these are emotional crises under which the door of the soul swings wide.

The Unreached Army of Children

If there ever was a home mission field in the truest sense of the word, it is to be found in that host of children who are unreached by any church.

A recent annual report of the International Council of Religious Education based on the United States Census of Religious Bodies reveals the fact that in this country there are 27,550,031 children under twelve years of age. The statistics of all religious bodies, Protestant, Roman Catholic, Jewish, and others, report an enrollment in all church schools of 13,848,759, or just about half the existing number of children. When it is remembered that in most church schools there are a great many enrolled who are over twelve years of age, the number of young children who receive no religious instruction of any kind is seen to be even greater. You do not need to look into the cow country of Wyoming or into the wilds of Alaska to find home missionary territory; it is located in the very block where you live. The same report, referring to this large group of neglected children, goes on to say:

"If notable statesmen and prophets and business men are right in their recent statements that the future of

civilization depends upon the development of a consciousness of spiritual values and a willingness to live by them, and if educators are right in their conviction that habits and attitudes which give direction to character are formed in the early years, aggressive effort must be put forth by all evangelical denominations to enlarge their programs to include these unchurched children."

Vacation Schools

Through an effort to meet the challenge presented by this army of children, there has developed in late years the vacation church school movement. The vacation school was first established in crowded city areas where children were wandering about the streets during the summer school vacation and were not being reached by the ministry of the church. This definitely was home missionary work, because in undertaking it the church was entering a neglected area. The movement has spread rapidly to all denominations and throughout the country. No enterprising church today feels that its program is complete without the vacation school. The school has become a feature of the church community or neighborhood house, has been adopted by churches in rural districts, and has become an important part of the work of Sunday school missionaries. One church board reports twelve hundred such schools in neglected districts, enrolling a total of ninety thousand children.

Among foreign populations in both city and country districts the vacation school has proved to be an ef-

fective entering wedge for other church activities. The craft work, the singing, the story hour, the recreational features, and the Bible study always make an appeal. Many children have been recruited for the Sunday school as a result of it. And after the school has closed its doors upon a four-weeks' session, its roster remains an effective index to further missionary work.

A vacation church school was undertaken in a large colony of Portuguese fruit-pickers in the bay district of San Francisco. There had been a great deal of lawlessness in the community, and the boys of twelve and fourteen years of age seemed particularly ungovernable. "How do you ever keep that gang of boys quiet?" the principal was asked by someone who had known them under other conditions. "Well," he replied, "they do get pretty noisy sometimes; but when it gets too bad, I ask them all to sing 'Near to the Heart of God.' It works like magic. They love the song, and loving it they have to be quiet while they sing it."

Week-day Schools

A second method of seeking to reach this untouched army of children is seen in the week-day school. For many years church leaders have been calling attention to the comparatively short time which our Protestant church gives to the religious education of the young. Instruction in the Bible used to be limited in most churches to half an hour a week, and even this instruction was often of the most desultory kind. The vaca-

tion school has done much to remedy this deficiency; the four-weeks session in summer offers as much religious instruction as can be offered in fifty-two Sundays at the rate of a half hour each week.

Mindful of the fact that the Sunday school and the vacation school both touch the hem of the problem, and realizing that the state is both unable and unwilling to offer religious instruction in the public schools, some churches have established week-day schools of religion. In cases where the problem has been approached wisely, and where a united movement has been undertaken by Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews, school boards have usually been willing to cooperate to the utmost. Children have gone to their respective churches either before school in the morning or after the session in the afternoon, and the regular session schedule has been shortened to provide released time for the religious education work.

The value of such instruction is seen when it really changes the character of the pupils. This is what educational leaders mean when they speak of "instruction which functions in conduct." In a certain city a class released for religious instruction had a practical discussion of Christian principles as they are related to the observance of Hallowe'en. The text which they were considering was, "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor," and as a result of the discussion a group of sixth grade boys decided to spend Hallowe'en in an entirely new and different way. Instead of tearing down fences and rub-

bing soap on windows and automobiles, they organized a clean-up brigade and went around trying to set right some of the mischief and damage other groups had done. Seeing them come into his yard and supposing that of course they had come for mischief, one man tried to chase them away. It took him a few moments to recover from his astonishment at finding that they only wanted to clean up things. Then he offered to treat them to ice cream, but the boys refused, saying that they were not doing it for pay. Certainly such teaching belongs to the type that is called pupil-centered.

The Children in the Country

But this type of teaching is by no means confined to city districts. Within late years schools in some country districts have been grouped together, thus making it possible for a specialist in religious education to go from place to place, giving an hour a day in each school. Dr. Jay S. Stowell, writing in the *Missionary Review of the World* for May, 1931, tells of a program of religious education operative in the rural schools of Tompkins County, New York, and supplemented by the united cooperation of the churches of Ithaca, the comity seat. Of course the work is made possible by the New York State law which permits pupils to be excused from the regular school period for one hour each week for purposes of religious education. Says Dr. Stowell:

"On a morning in October I was met at Ithaca, New York, by Miss Viola Schuldt, a college-trained young

woman with post-graduate work in the field of religious education. . . . We caught an early breakfast and then headed for the country. We hustled for some miles over hard roads, until suddenly we swung on to a typical narrow country dirt road, which wound and wound and finally brought us to the top of a hill. Here we found an ancient one-room school building with a group of children awaiting the opening of school and a teacher approaching from a distance.

"The bell rang; and from an inconspicuous spot inside, I observed a thoroughly prepared teacher presenting according to approved pedagogical methods as effective a lesson upon God as the heavenly Father as I have ever heard. The pupils gathered there that morning belonged to no church and attended no Sunday school; . . . yet so intent were they upon the lesson that when a huge threshing machine lumbered past in full view of the window, scarcely an eye was turned. At ten o'clock we sped on to another school some miles away, where a still larger group of pupils awaited a lesson on thanksgiving, quite unlike the first one but of equally high merit. Four o'clock that afternoon found us on another hilltop by the side of a scraggly road, just completing the sixth lesson for the day, this time upon the meaning of the kingdom of heaven. . . . During the day no two lessons had been alike, but each one had fitted into a consecutive series."

Miss Schuldt each week reaches two hundred and eighty-four pupils between Monday and Friday, and she

is only one of five teachers working thus in Tompkins County. Most of the children have never attended Sunday school, and the plan opens up a most effective way of bringing religious education to those who otherwise would be without it. It means that the church must go to the children when the children fail to come to the church.

Seek Them Where They Are

When I was a lad in Grants Pass my father early initiated me into the mysteries of trout fishing. Early Monday mornings in the summer time he would call me, and often we would be twenty miles away, fishing on Rogue River, before it was light enough to see the line at the end of the rod. He was an ardent fly-fisherman, and scorned the man who would stoop to bait his hook with worm or with grasshopper. On one of our trips we rounded a bend in the river, and fifty yards below saw a man sitting on a sandbar by the edge of a clear pool. His bamboo pole propped into the sand with a forked stick, and his bait can by his side, he lay placidly watching the clouds and smoking his pipe.

"See that man?" said my father. "He's a mud-sticker. The fish are really on the riffles, working and playing, but he baits his hook in a cool, still place, waiting to attract them. When you fish, go where the fish are, instead of waiting for them to come to you." And with that he threaded a fresh fly upon his leader, and plunged out into the swirling waters of the stream.

Too long we have fished for the young people in the still places. Too long we have sat down and waited for them to come along. The new program of religious education seeks them in the ripples of life, both at their work and at their play.

CHAPTER V

A Sound Body

“MAY I come in?” The question was really unnecessary, for as she was asking it Dr. Jane Harris stepped across the threshold. In her hand she carried her medical kit. Up there in one of the palm-thatched huts, across stretches of deep black sand, a man lay suffering with a gangrened foot. And Dr. Harris was on her way to dress it. Enroute she had to pass our house, and, as was often her custom, she stopped for a moment in the cool of the early Porto Rican morning to have a little chat with the family and to drink a cup of coffee.

On that particular day we were having a sort of family reunion at our house. The night before, just as the swift tropical twilight had fallen, I had caught my first glimpse of Morro Castle and the harbor of San Juan. Having finished my sophomore year in college, I had gone down to spend the summer in my missionary father's home in Porto Rico, a home which up to that time I had never seen.

I shall never forget Dr. Harris as she stood framed that morning in the doorway. She was dressed in white, from canvas shoes to hat. She was tall, large-boned, almost angular. Her figure was mannish and her face was

mannish, and her hair was intensely red. But that face—it held me, gripped me. It was strong yet tender, masculine yet winsome. Indeed, the face was that of a man, but the eyes were those of a woman in love. Dr. Harris was in love with her work. It took me some time to analyze the impression—the shock—which she gave me as she stood smiling at the door. Then suddenly the secret came like a flash. I can explain it no better than to say that if the painter Hofmann had seen Dr. Jane Harris I should have known, beyond the power of anyone to persuade me to the contrary, just where he got his inspiration for his face of the Christ. I am sure I stood and stared without saying a word during my introduction to this mission doctor from the hospital.

A Doctor's Work in Porto Rico

We all chatted while Dr. Harris had her cup of coffee, and then a couple of us started off with her to make that call. The little houses in which the Santurce Negroes lived were scattered over the sand without any semblance of order. Two deep ruts, over which wagons made their way, wound in and out between the huts, but we went across lots. Unerringly we followed Dr. Harris along narrow alleys, abruptly around the corners of little houses, through the intimate scenes of Negro back yards. Before we were half way there, we who followed her were panting from the exertion. With her long swinging stride, Dr. Harris walked without effort. Later I learned that at Bryn Mawr she had excelled as

an athlete; later, also, I had occasion to match my strength with hers at swimming in the surf.

At last we came to the hut where our patient was waiting. The sand about the house was pockmarked by the tracks of many feet. Three mangey dogs came barking at our approach, and then wagged their tails in welcome. A great *flamboyan* tree, with massive green leaves and red blossoms a foot in diameter, cast a shade over the entire yard.

As I remember it, there were just two rooms in the hut: at the back a slatternly kitchen, with clouds of black flies devouring the remnants of a meagre meal which had not yet been cleared from the table; in the front a dark room from which came the groans of a suffering man. This front room had no glass windows, and the blinds had been closed for fear that "the air would do much damage" to the patient. The stench was almost unbearable.

First the heavy wooden blinds were swung back, allowing a flood of morning sunlight to enter the room. The light revealed clothes scattered everywhere over the floor; here a shoe, there a pair of overalls, in another place a shirt. Upon a pile of rags in one corner lay a stalwart Porto Rican Negro, blinking in the unaccustomed light.

At first glance the rags on his injured foot seemed to be black; then it became evident that while not clean, they were by no means as black as they looked. They were simply covered with flies. Tenderly Dr. Harris re-

moved the rags. She called for hot water, which she allowed first to come to a boil and then cool. She dressed the ugly swollen foot, binding it in antiseptic gauze. Then, promising to return the next day, she gave some directions to the Negro woman who seemed to be in charge.

There were no more calls that morning; it was late, as missionary days go, and Dr. Harris knew that the patients must be already waiting at the clinic. And so we made our way back through the maze of huts that dotted the sand.

Whoever selected the location for the hospital El Presbiteriano at Santurce certainly did a good job. Even in that early day, when the work was in its beginnings, the commanding nature of the site was evident. Occupying ground of several acres on the beach, the rambling wood buildings looked off toward the north; and steadily, during most of the day, the trade winds, purified by miles of salt water, blew through every room. In those days no Ford cars chugged up to the doors to discharge patients. In front of the building was a long row of hitching posts, and to them were tied the ponies of the people who had come from long distances to attend the clinic.

I shall never forget the sight which greeted us as we entered the hospital with Dr. Harris. It seemed as if all the sick people in the world were there: people with their hands bandaged; people with their feet bound, hobbling on crutches; people so pale and thin that it

seemed the blood must long since have ceased to run through their veins; babies near death, whimpering weakly in their mothers' arms. Two stalwart men had carried a patient in a hammock over a rough trail from some little town about twenty kilometers back in the mountains. The streams of sick from all over the island seemed to have converged in a mighty river which emptied itself at El Presbiteriano, there by the sea.

In the outer room my father was holding a gospel service for those who were waiting to see the doctor, and from the eager attention which they gave, it was easy to see that many were listening to the message for the first time.

There are some forms of missionary service which can be postponed until a more convenient season, but when people are sick and suffering and come to you for help, there is nothing you can do but try to take care of them. And so there was no eight-hour nor even sixteen-hour day in the schedule of Dr. Jane Harris. The patients in the hospital and the patients in the little board huts had to be seen early in the morning and late at night. And always there was that great crowd of people who came early to the clinic: patient, stolid, waiting throughout the long day until they could be seen by the doctor. To me it was all vaguely reminiscent of another Physician who had time "not so much as to eat" because of the crowd which pressed upon him.

I never saw Dr. Jane Harris after I left the island to continue my studies. She was only thirty-eight when

she fell victim to some strange and incurable tropical disease and died on her field in Porto Rico. In spite of her suffering, she kept a clinical record of the progress of the disease which she knew was taking her life. There are others whose lives and sacrifices are inseparably wrought into the great institution which stands facing the sea at Santurce, but none gave more nobly or more gladly than Dr. Jane Harris. After all, great institutions are the projections of the personalities of great individuals.

Health Conditions on the Island

When the Spanish flag was lowered in Porto Rico in 1898 and the first missionaries began their work in the island, it was the physical need of the people which seemed to clamor most loudly for attention. The missionaries, of course, came to preach the gospel; but how could they preach successfully to those who, because of hookworm, were little more than walking corpses? How could they be oblivious to the suffering which was evident on every hand? Just as the first evangelists in New Mexico found that they had to establish schools if their work was to be successful, so these workers saw at the outset that the enterprise in Porto Rico had to be buttressed by clinics and hospitals.

Life in the island in the early days was extremely primitive, and health conditions were indescribably bad. The sewers flowed as open streams through the streets of San Juan. In the country districts and even in the

cities the outhouses were invariably located in the kitchens. For a reason which no one seemed to understand, there were times in the island when no flies were to be seen; at other times they settled like a black scourge upon everything edible. Not even the better homes were screened, and flies were active carriers of disease. There were periodic outbreaks of typhoid and cholera. The generally bad health conditions were aggravated by the populous nature of the island. There was not a brook or stream which was not carrying the germs of human excreta from the hillsides down into the water-courses, and there was not a brook or stream which was not serving as a water supply.

Yes, life in Porto Rico then was very primitive. During that summer vacation I remember going with my father on a missionary tour to what was then the little town of Toa Alta. In the afternoon a clinic was held at the mission, and Dr. Harris cared for the sick; later there was a preaching service. We ate our evening meal at a native restaurant, and I was so fastidious as to complain about the mosquito larvæ in the drinking water. The waiter was all apologies. He was distressed that such a thing could have happened, he would hasten to remedy it. And so with a flourish he took the glass pitcher from the table and poured the water back into the barrel which served as the supply for the restaurant. Then he lustily kicked the barrel, and when the wrigglers in fright had taken refuge at the bottom, he dipped out a pitcher of clear water and triumphantly

brought it back to the table. Service was the motto in that restaurant. At the look on my face Dr. Harris threw back her head and laughed her clear laugh.

Twenty-five Years of Progress

The greatest scourge in Porto Rico when the missionaries first began work there was the hookworm. Thousands of the people lived listlessly from the cradle to the grave. Babies were born with the infection in their veins. Children with pale faces and great protruding abdomens walked about the streets. The skin of sufferers often became so pale as to give the impression that every drop of blood had been drained from the body.

With such conditions surrounding them on every hand, it is easy to understand why the missionaries placed such great emphasis on medical work. In the course of scientific experimentation it was found that the germ of the hookworm disease was expelled with human excreta and then picked up through the skin of those who went barefoot. In the early years of the American occupation, this meant a large majority of the Porto Ricans. Shoes were made compulsory for those attending school. When a specific was at last discovered for hookworm, thousands of patients found the road to new physical vigor and usefulness.

It is safe to say that if hookworm and typhoid and cholera and malaria had not been conquered in Porto Rico, and if proper methods of sanitation had not been

taught the people, the efforts of the early missionaries would have been in vain. They started out with a holy enthusiasm to get God counted in the places where he had been forgotten, and they found that one of the first things they had to do was to initiate a program for the healing of the body. They felt that if it is true that there should be a sound body for a sound mind, it is equally true that there should be a sound body for a sound spirit.

I am sure that if Dr. Jane Harris were to come striding along the beach at Santurce today, her red hair blowing and her medical kit in her hand, she would not recognize the institution to which she gave her life. The old wooden buildings where she ministered have been torn down, and modern fire-proof structures have taken their place. The same health-giving breezes blow in from the north, and the same crowd waits at the clinic for the doctor, but the work has grown so that now more than fifty thousand patients are each year reached by its healing ministrations. Every year also a steady stream of Porto Rican nurses has passed through the training school and gone out to multiply the usefulness of the hospital in the remote parts of the island.

Nurses' Work in Santo Domingo

The value of preparing a corps of trained nurses was demonstrated most effectively in Santo Domingo in the fall of 1930. When missionary work was first begun, the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Presbyterian

Church in the U. S. A., and the United Brethren Church pooled their interests and organized what is called the Board for Christian Work in Santo Domingo. Never have the people of that island been puzzled and distressed by the divisions and differences within Protestantism. Denominationalism has not been an issue.

At the very initiation of the work, the physical needs of the people made inescapable appeal. As in Porto Rico, it was seen in the mission schools that children could not make satisfactory progress until the diseases of childhood were conquered. Churches and Sunday schools might be opened, but sickness and death were the first enemies to be overcome. And so, in an old adobe building on a little promontory overlooking the entrance to the Ozama River, the International Hospital was opened. Immediately the sick, the lame, the halt, the blind, began to storm its doors. In a six-months period, patients came from more than two hundred towns, villages and cities. They came riding donkeys, in ox-carts, and on foot. In 1930 the hospital treated 141,915 patients. And as in Porto Rico, immediate attention was given to the training of nurses.

About two o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, September 3, 1930, a devastating hurricane swept over the island of Santo Domingo. The wind at times attained a velocity of a hundred and fifty miles an hour. The city of Santo Domingo, at the end of an inlet which makes a natural channel for the wind, lies in a most exposed position, and the gale struck it with in-

describable fury. The homes of the wealthy in the more aristocratic quarters were razed to their foundations, while the flimsy homes of the poor simply disappeared upon the wings of the wind.

The next day Governor Theodore Roosevelt of Porto Rico sent his personal aide, Major Gary J. Crockett, by airplane to survey the situation. Major Crockett landed at the flying field five miles out of Santo Domingo City, and wirelessly informed Governor Roosevelt that, judging from what he could see from the air, fully three-fourths of the city was in ruins, and, the road being piled high with debris, it would be some time before he could make his way there. The water system was destroyed, and the backwash of the hurricane with the torrential rains which followed made it impossible for the ships that had hurried from near-by islands to land with the supplies they had brought.

When the forces of relief were organized, it was the group of nurses, trained in the mission hospital, who bore the brunt of the burden. The hospital itself was destroyed, but neither wind nor storm could destroy the spirit of the Dominican nurses. There were four thousand dead and fifteen thousand injured in the city. Everywhere bodies were found tangled in the debris. While soldiers gathered the dead into piles for burning, the nurses were caring for the sick and injured, and feeding babies that had been left motherless. When the new International Hospital is built, it will hold an abiding place in the hearts of all Dominicans.

Thus the healing mission of the church, at home as well as abroad, has ever been first in gaining for the missionaries an entrance into the homes and the hearts of the people. And the work is much the same, whether it be in the mountain areas of the South, among the Indians on the reservations, or upon the frozen outskirts of Alaska.

Prevention as well as Cure

It must be remembered, however, that this effort of the church to build a sound body and a sound mind and a sound spirit is not exclusively remedial; it is also preventive. As someone has wisely remarked, it is quite as much the business of the church to keep people out of trouble as it is to help them after they become involved in it. Gipsy Smith once said, "A board fence at the top of a precipice is worth a whole hospital at the bottom."

I am thinking now of a mission field in an isolated mountain region where the nearest railroad station is fifty-five miles away. The last part of the auto road is a nightmare of mud-holes, high centers, and perils; you count them over in retrospect during the wakeful hours of the night following your ride. The community consists of a general merchandise store and postoffice and a group of small farms. The mission is composed of a church and a school, while a community worker serves as nurse and general field executive.

When I last visited the field a typhoid epidemic was

raging in the mountains. True to her responsibilities, the mission nurse was caring for the sick. The minister was praying with the dying, comforting the sorrowing, and burying the dead. To protect those who had not yet fallen victims to the disease, a clinic for inoculations against typhoid had been established. People were coming to it in wagons, on horseback, on foot. More than two hundred received inoculations in a single day. Protecting in this way those who were well was a more important form of community service than holding services for the dead or even nursing the stricken. It was keeping people out of trouble, rather than waiting to help them out after they had got in.

But is it not necessary to probe even more deeply toward the root of a typhoid difficulty? Here is a mountainous country, and the farms line the streams. Every farm has its outhouse, the poison from which ultimately finds its way into the water courses, and practically all the farms get their drinking water from the streams. It is almost impossible for anyone in the upper reaches of that region to have typhoid without sharing it with those below. The public health in this region will not be adequately safeguarded until a pure water supply is provided.

Surely no missionary program is justified unless it sets itself to build up strong bodies through which the mind and the spirit can adequately function. It was Jesus who, when he sent his disciples out to conquer the world, said, "Heal the sick."

CHAPTER VI

The Place of Play

WHEN the Rev. William Tanghe came to take charge of the work at Potrero Hill Neighborhood House in San Francisco, he found that no small part of his job was learning to pronounce the names of the Russian boys and girls who were associated with its activities. Most of these were names ending in *off*—Popoff, Shuteroff, Slepnikoff, Suseoff. But any young man who is able to cope with the play problems of a group of Russian boys is versatile enough to work out a system for remembering their names. Popoff, of course, was not so bad; all Mr. Tanghe had to do was to think of a popgun. And Shuteroff became Shoot-her-off; Slepnikoff was readily remembered as Slept-with-a-cough; while Suseoff was recalled by the young director in connection with the relief of taking off his shoes at the end of a weary day. But there was something decidedly wrong in this mnemonic device as far as the lively young John Suseoff himself was concerned. One takes off his shoes when he is getting ready to rest, and there was absolutely no rest to be hoped for by anyone when the cyclonic John was in the neighborhood.

John Suseoff Leads the Gang

Even when the house was carrying on its activities in the small rented quarters which it first occupied, the staff had become acquainted with John. He was the leader of the gang of Russian boys whose idea of play was to make life miserable for everybody in the community. When the cornerstone was laid for the splendid new building which the Neighborhood House now occupies on the brow of Potrero Hill, John and his gang were present and took part in the ceremony. The part which they took, however, consisted in standing at a safe distance and seeing how well they could throw stones at the speakers.

Later, when the building began to rise and the windows were placed, these windows became the favorite targets for the stones of John and his gang. The window panes being replaced and protected, at night the gang amused itself by making so much noise that the activities going on in the partially finished building were seriously disturbed. Appeals to the police only sent the boys scurrying to cover, to reappear again when the bluecoats had gone.

One summer the Y.M.C.A. organized the Twilight League of baseball teams, and Potrero Hill Neighborhood House put the best it had into the contest. But that best was not good enough. Russian boys of the neighborhood continued to spend their surplus energy in breaking windows, in ringing door-bells, in the gen-

eral activities of a hoodlum gang. Baseball simply had not taken hold.

But it is hard for boys to resist the lure of play. One afternoon at the beginning of the next summer Mr. Tanghe chanced upon John's gang playing baseball in a narrow back street at the top of the hill. It wasn't very good baseball. The bat was a homemade article, fashioned out of an old pole, and aside from this bat and the ball, all the rest of the paraphernalia of the game was missing. Mr. Tanghe stopped for a few moments, while the boys, continuing their play, watched him out of the corners of suspicious eyes. The director waited until John's side was in, and then quietly dropped down on the grass beside the youthful leader of the gang. He was wise enough to say nothing until the boys had become accustomed to his presence. Presently he began to applaud the good plays. Incidentally he showed that he knew something about baseball.

Finally young John got a good break and knocked a home run. When he had circled the bases he came back to his place on the grass beside the director and looked up, evidently expecting the word of approval which he felt was his due. Mr. Tanghe knew that his hour had struck.

"John," said he, "how would you like to bring the boys down to the ball field at the Neighborhood House? We have some good bats and balls there, and I think we could fit you out with gloves. If you make a go of this thing, we could probably get you uniforms."

John's eyes dropped. "Gee!" he said, "wouldn't you be afraid to have us?"

"Not at all," replied Mr. Tanghe. "But I'll tell you what I'll do, John—I'll make you leader of the gang, and you will be responsible to me for the balls and bats and all the other property."

John looked the director squarely in the eye. "I'll do it, Mr. Tanghe," he said. "And I'll see that this bunch don't get away with no rough stuff!"

That night when Mr. Tanghe took off his shoes he felt more of a guarantee of peace in the assurance John had given him than he would have felt in the protection of the entire police force of San Francisco.

The next afternoon when school closed, the boys shyly made their appearance at the ball field. Mr. Tanghe was there to greet them. There was no "rough stuff"; and under the instruction of the director and the discipline of John, Potrero Hill Neighborhood House that year produced a team which won out in the Twilight League. Ever since that summer John Suseoff has been one of the active leaders at the Neighborhood House. Now he is in college, preparing for full-time Christian work.

How a Neighborhood House Helps

Through play activities, whole families have been adjusted to American life.

A Bohemian mother in one of the Chicago tenements bent over her steaming wash-tub. She was new to the ways of America, and the task of caring for her grow-

ing family was a heavy burden. The kitchen was small and cramped, and her two children were constantly under foot. Finally they were persuaded to go out into the street to play. The mother worried about the trucks and delivery wagons, but Bess was six and had promised to take care of four-year-old Frances.

An hour or two later the two little girls climbed the steep stairway to the kitchen, their arms full of ears of corn.

"My children," exclaimed the mother, "where did you get the corn?"

"On the sidewalk, mother. A man threw it away."

Mrs. Bernasek had seen many wonderful things happen in America, but good ears of corn on the hot streets of west Chicago was something new. She dried her hands on her apron, and told Bess to take her to the place where corn could be found upon the streets. Straight to the corner grocery Bess led the way. And there indeed on the sidewalk the grocer had placed many of his wares. Apologies were made and the corn restored, and Bess made a new adjustment to American ways of doing things.

Not far from the home of this Bohemian family, lately come from a little town near Prague, was the Howell Neighborhood House. Bess and Frances entered kindergarten, where they not only were kept from beneath their mother's feet, but learned many delightful new games. Then followed the experiences of clubs and parties and dramatics and summer camps. Twice the

family has moved, each time to better quarters. Now they have about completed the payments upon a home of their own, several miles from the district where first they began to learn the ways of America. The young people hold responsible positions and have helped their father in the purchase of the home. All are members of the church in the Neighborhood House and still return to its activities.

"You speak English perfectly; why do you not join the church in your own neighborhood?" someone asked Frances. The young woman works in the trust department of one of the large Chicago banks and has learned something about responsibility. She thought a moment and then replied, "Howell House has done everything for us. Now it is our turn to do something for Howell House."

Workers in any community house could tell many such stories of how families have been won to the church through the program of play.

In one institution a boys' worker took a club into the hills for a hike. Gaining the summit of a slight elevation, they looked down upon a scene which might well have been staged in the South Sea Islands. Nature had provided no drainage for the surface water which flowed down the slopes, and this water had collected in a hollow, forming a small lake. Protected by the lie of the land from the view of passers-by, a group of urchins had made the lake a rendezvous. It was summer time, and without clothes or bathing suits they were sailing

rafts and swimming in the dirty water. On the shore they had dug into the side of the hill and fashioned a robbers' den; the lake was the high sea, the rafts were pirate ships and trading vessels for the possession of which many a bloody battle was waged.

The leader of the boys' club lost no time in getting acquainted with the naked urchins on the rafts. He did not give them a lecture about indecency or threaten to report them to the police. He did tell them about the clubs and the opportunities for play which were offered at the institution where he worked. Most of the boys had never heard of Neighborhood House; but it was not long before the gang had spontaneously organized into one of its clubs and was sharing in the privileges and opportunities for character development which the house offered.

Values in Recreation

The cultivation of play life through the missionary program is well justified for itself alone. In the preceding chapter we were discussing the importance of developing a sound body in which the mind and the soul could adequately function. Clinics and hospitals have their place in such service, but half the doctors and half the nurses and half the hospitals would be unnecessary if boys and girls were trained in recreation, exercise and play.

The demands of present-day life are extremely exacting. As we have tended more and more toward spe-

cialization, the pace has become faster and faster. In the world of business the possession of a strong body is of prime importance, for every executive knows that a keen mind, a willing disposition, and a loyal heart are admirable qualities that are soon hobbled if they are not backed by physical stamina.

No less is this true in Christian service. The young person who goes to the foreign field or to difficult places in the home land, must be ready to make adjustments to the habits and living conditions of the people to whom he ministers. Such a strain tests the physical constitution; it is for this reason that the boards of our churches are so exacting in the matter of physical examinations. In modern church work there is no eight-hour day. The pastor, the religious work director, the social worker, are always on duty. For them there is no five o'clock whistle, and the physique which can stand the strain must be sturdy indeed.

Furthermore, we are coming to understand better than ever before the part that a sound body does play in the functioning of a sound mind. Immediately all of us will think of frail bodies which have housed great souls, but it is a question whether such souls would not have been great under any circumstance. The old idea that the soul can be strengthened by weakening the body is certainly not good physiology, and it never was good religion.

How shall we meet the exacting demands of the day in which we live? Not minimizing the value of good

food, good housing, warm clothing, and good medical care, the value of play is of utmost importance. Life as a process involves nervous tension and strain; play is an interlude which makes for the recuperation of nervous energy.

"I don't see how you have time to play golf," said one minister to another. "As a matter of fact," was the reply, "I haven't time not to play it." In the hurry and worry of a city pastorate, this man had found that his mind was clearer and his nerves were steadier if he took time for relaxation.

Play and Character

Play and recreation have a place in the missionary program and in the activities of the church not alone because play helps in the development of strong bodies, but because play helps also in the development of character. Play is life in miniature. Just as the puppy tugs and tears at an old shoe because of its instinct to toss a rat, so a child inevitably imitates in its play the activities which will occupy its attention when it is older. These phases in the development of character are essential, and if they are overlooked, the individual pays for the oversight in later life.

The people of Mexico offer a splendid illustration of this need for play. For four centuries the vast majority of Mexicans have lived, worked and died on great plantations. They have been bound by the shackles of debt to the soil, and their life has been spent

in monotonous labor. On Sundays after mass has been said in the plantation chapels, the peons have been accustomed to regale themselves by watching two cocks, armed with steel spurs, tear each other to pieces. In the larger cities the populace still goes wild over the slaughter and cruelty of the bull fight. Until lately, no opportunity has been provided for wholesome play on the part of the young people. But under the present government a decided change has been noted. Baseball and football are seizing the imagination of young Mexico. Boys are learning both to play the game and to abide by the decision of the umpire; and there is often no great difference between abiding by the unpleasant decision of an umpire and accepting the unfavorable result of an election.

The play instinct is so strong in young people that if opportunities to exercise it are not provided under wholesome auspices, they will be sought in other ways. During the year 1929 the Home Missions Council instituted a survey of the Mexican migratory laborers in the North and East. It was found that in fully half the number of communities where these laborers are living, the only recreational facilities were those provided by pool rooms and cheap dance halls. When a community house offers the children in a congested neighborhood the opportunity for directed play under wholesome influences, it is helping to lay the foundations for strong character and is serving also in the field of home missions.

If the church and the neighborhood house had no other reason for their play program, there would be reason enough in the simple fact that religion is a joyous affair. Not always has this been realized. There was a time when it was thought to be positively unchristian to play. Weaver Pangburn, writing in the *Presbyterian Advance* for March 12, 1931, vouches for the following as an excerpt from the rules of the Cokesbury Methodist Episcopal College in 1790: "The students shall be indulged with nothing the world calls play; let this be observed with the strictest nicety, for those who play when they are young will play when they are old."

But now we have caught a new vision of the Master. We like to think of him holding the little children in his arms, and we feel sure that he was interested in their play. We remember that he attended weddings and honored feasts with his presence. And at last when he suffered in the Garden, with the shadow of the cross already upon him, he prayed that his joy might be realized in the lives of his disciples.

CHAPTER VII

The Lines of Race and Caste

“**WE** CREATED the Indian problem,” said someone at the Washington congress, “by stealing the Indian’s land. And we created the Negro problem by stealing the Negro to work that land.”

Perhaps the greatest home mission fields in this country are those which are marked off by the barriers of race. We have learned to tunnel through mountains and to bridge rivers. We have built roads across the desert, and by these roads missionaries have made their way to the most distant points on our missionary frontiers. We have penetrated the regions most difficult of access in Alaska, where missions are being served both by boat and by airplane. But no one has yet been able successfully to cross the barriers of race.

Those Who Were Once Slaves

For most of us in the United States the thought of race suggests first the Negro race. There are twelve million Negroes in our country. In some of the Southern states they comprise the majority of the population. Since the passing of the quota law in 1924 their labor has been in demand in the North and West, and today vastly enlarged Negro colonies are to be found in all

the principal cities. Wherever the Negro goes, his barriers go with him. If he rides in a public conveyance there is an invisible wall between him and the white passengers, and he is generally barred from schools, restaurants, theaters and churches.

Curiously enough, our whole attitude toward the Negro race has been created by false interpretations of our religion. The curse of Ham after the flood was constantly quoted in defense of the slave trade. But it has remained for Stephen Vincent Benét in *John Brown's Body* to set forth in all its stark nakedness the inconsistency between our Christian professions and our treatment of the Negro race. In the prologue to his epic poem he pictures the Boston Yankee trader sitting upon the deck of his vessel, reading his Bible. The fresh breezes blow over the deck, but up through the closed hatch comes the foul stench from the hold. It is evening, and time for the young mate, who is on his first slaving voyage, to go below to see that all is well for the night. His lips go dry at the order, for

Each time he went he had a trick of trying
To shut the pores of his body against the stench
By force of will, by thinking of salt and flowers,
But it was always useless.

The Yankee trader, thumbing the leaves of his Bible, consoles him by saying, "Well, the trade's no damn perfume shop." And because the mate is the mate, and under orders, he takes a light and opens the hatch.

Below, the Negroes, chained to rings in the timbers, writhe and twist in the dim light of the lantern, so that the young man thinks of black snakes "thawing on a rock in the bleak sun of spring." A woman lies sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, her dead babe in her arms. Those who know a few English words call out as the light strikes their eyeballs, "I'm dying!" "Sick!" "Water!" The mate waits only long enough to satisfy himself that there is no plague, and then closes the hatch, convinced that only when he returns to his native New England and swims far out into the cool green water around the point, will he be able to free himself from the stench which follows him. He stumbles to the deck, to find the captain reading the passages which prove that his business is blessed of God. "I tell you, mister," the captain says as the mate returns with the lantern, "the pay's good pay, but it's the Lord's work, too."

What Is the Problem of Race?

When we think of the slave trade and of lynchings, as well as of outrages committed by Negroes, we immediately assume that we have found the cause of racial conflict. But the Negro problem is in reality only part of a much broader problem. Out in California there are people who feel toward the Japanese exactly as some people feel toward the Negroes. There are places in the Southwest where Mexicans are ostracized as completely as are the Negroes in a Southern community. In every great city where there are foreign immigrants the lines

of race are drawn sharply, and what is even more striking, some of the older immigrants, like the Italians and the Poles, absolutely refuse to allow their children to mingle with the children of some of the newer immigrants. The Negro problem is only part of the great problem of race.

One of the first things which we shall observe is that most of our racial prejudices are inherited. For them we are indebted to our parents, our teachers, and others of the past generation from whom we have learned and in whom we have had confidence. Curiously enough, most of us do less thinking on this question of race than upon any other; and those who do think find themselves constantly impelled to correct their attitudes, to make these correspond with what calm judgment tells them their attitudes ought to be.

An American schoolgirl in the second grade had as her bosom friend an Italian girl of about the same age. They played together, did their work together, ate their luncheons together, walked home together after school. But one day the youthful American would have nothing to do with her Italian playmate. Pressed by her teacher for a reason, she said, "My mama doesn't want me to have anything to do with dagos."

Driving through the Belvedere Park district in Los Angeles not long ago I saw three happy little girls going home from school. They were laughing and talking together, and swinging their joined hands as they walked, and I noted that one was a Russian, one a Mexican, and

one a Japanese. Before long the parents of these girls will doubtless skilfully inoculate them with the virus of racial prejudice, and in a day a natural friendship will be broken up.

What Are the Signs of Racial Prejudice?

If we are ever going to solve this problem, in our land and in the world, it will be necessary for someone to do some courageous and original thinking; and it will probably be the young people who will have to do it.

The first thing we shall have to do is to refuse to accept traditional race values without questioning them, and to refuse to harbor racial prejudices simply because they have been passed on to us by our elders. A frank willingness to take such an attitude would destroy two-thirds of the racial barriers that exist, and we should then be in a position to examine critically the other third, which perhaps arise spontaneously.

Just what are the signs of racial prejudice?

In the first place we tend to misunderstand and to dislike people who look and act differently from ourselves. Differences of skin, eyes, dress, language, all come to be very real differences. Professor Robert E. Park has said, "Race prejudice is a function of visibility. The races of high visibility, to speak in naval parlance, are the natural and inevitable objects of race prejudice."¹ What is meant, of course, is that it is

¹ *Survey*, May, 1926, p. 136.

easier for us to misunderstand and dislike people whose skin and language and dress are all different from our own.

A cultured Christian from India, a graduate student in one of our universities, was invited to address a missionary conference in an Eastern city.¹ Through an accident that had interfered with the arrangements made to receive him, his host did not meet the train, and the visitor took a taxi to a hotel. As he walked the short distance from the door to the desk the clerk looked him over. Being from South India, he had skin that was very dark, and when he asked for a room, the clerk replied, "Sorry, sir, but we are 'full up.'"

This same thing happened in nine other hotels, until finally the Indian, proud of his color and his heritage, directed the taxi driver to return him to the station, where he planned to spend the night on a bench. This he was told was impossible. By this time the taxi driver was keenly interested and exclaimed, "I'll find you a room."

So saying he took his passenger to the police station, where he explained the situation to the officer in charge. The policeman, using the blank provided, wrote down all the particulars about the stranger: his birthplace, his father's name, the color of his eyes and hair, and, what was most important of all, the fact that his skin was "very dark brown."

The Indian was allotted a place in a cell with a

¹ Cf. *The Christian Advocate* for December 4, 1930.

drunken man who had been brought in a little while before. But because the drunken man was sick and began to make himself a nuisance, the guest of the station house went back to the office and asked to be allowed to sit up there all night. But the taxi driver again was on the job and took the Indian to his own lodgings, gave him his own bed, the next morning gave him breakfast, and then put him on the ferry that he might reach his place of appointment on time. The driver refused to accept any money for fare, bed or breakfast, but the Indian insisted, saying, "You certainly have been a Good Samaritan to me."

Then the driver broke out, "Say, what do you mean? That's twice you've called me a Good Samaritan."

And there on the deck of the ferry the man who had learned the story in India from the missionaries told it to a man in America "who did not know it, but had been living it."

Sometimes prejudice against dark skin disappears when it is learned that the skin belongs to someone not of the Negro race. In an international convention which brought together in an American city representatives from many countries, the colored delegates had much difficulty in being served in certain restaurants. It was noted that the Hindu delegates, although just as dark of skin, experienced no such difficulty. And so some of the Negroes went into a department store and bought several yards of white mosquito netting, draped it gracefully about their heads, and were treated with all

due courtesy in the same restaurants where before they had been denied service.

It may surprise us to find that other peoples have similar racial prejudice against ourselves.

"The Friendly Visitor had been asked to call on a Russian Jewish woman who had not been long in this country. She found the young woman homesick, lonely, and despondent, in spite of her new and shining American home. The husband, an ambitious American Jew, had evidently done his best to encourage the Americanization of his wife by taking an apartment in a section of the city settled largely by the older immigration, but the newcomers had been conspicuously ignored by their Gentile neighbors, and the young wife felt bitterly alone. The Friendly Visitor was welcomed with almost pathetic appreciation, as the young woman was soon to become a mother and was fearful of the experience amid alien and unaccustomed surroundings. On leaving, the visitor, who had offered to make necessary arrangements with doctor and district nurse, said cheerfully, 'Now if you are alone and need me quickly, just call one of your neighbors and she can telephone me.' The shadow of despondency again settled on the face of the young woman as she answered, 'There isn't anyone I could call. All the people who live around here are Christians.' " ¹

If we examine critically our attitudes in this matter of race, we shall probably discover that we are in the

¹ The Inquiry, *And Who Is My Neighbor?* Case 18.

habit of judging a whole group by the worst representatives we know in that group.

Misjudging a Group

A Mexican in San Francisco had tried a number of times to register for work with a certain employment agency. Each time, after he had stated his nationality, he was told that there was no work available. Later he came and stated that he was a Spaniard from Argentina, and he was then courteously registered.¹ Probably the man in charge of the bureau had had experiences with individual Mexicans which had influenced his point of view toward all persons belonging to that group.

This habit of believing the worst about another race was much in evidence during the Negro riots which broke out in Chicago in 1919. A commission from the University of Chicago made a careful study of the riot and the causes leading up to it. Something happened one night at one of the focal points of the disturbance and this is the way it was written up by the newspapers:

Tribune, July 29.—“Two desperate revolver battles fought by police with colored men alleged to have killed two white women and a child. . . . It is reported that policemen saw two Negroes knock down a woman and child and kick them. The Negroes ran before the police could reach them. . . .”

¹ Horneil Hart, *The Science of Social Relations*, p. 473.

Herald Examiner, July 29.—“Two white women, one of them with a baby in her arms, were attacked and wounded by Negro mobs firing on street cars . . .”

Defender, August 2 [colored].—“An unidentified young woman and three-months-old baby were found dead on the street at the intersection of Forty-seventh and Wentworth. She had attempted to board a car there when the mob seized her, beat her, slashed her body to ribbons, and beat the baby’s brains out against a telegraph pole. Not satisfied with this, one rioter severed her breast, and a white youngster bore it aloft on a pole triumphantly while the crowd hooted gleefully. The whole time this was happening several policemen were in the crowd, but did not make any attempt to make a rescue until too late.”

The commission of inquiry, commenting upon the affair, had this to say: “Concerning all of these stories it may be stated that the coroner had no cases of deaths of women and children brought before him. There was nothing in the police reports or the files of the state’s attorney or hospital reports which would give any foundation for reports of the killing of a woman and child, white or Negro.”¹

We Like Them Far Away

Persons of another race are far more interesting in their own country than in ours. The people of the west coast of Africa present in their own environment a dis-

¹ Hornell Hart, *The Science of Social Relations*, pp. 483 ff.

tinct appeal. We are interested in their life and customs, and in the struggle they are making to advance socially. We are even ready and willing to contribute money to help them in their upward climb. But when a Negro family moves into our neighborhood we are not interested in their life and customs, and most certainly we are not interested in their desire for social betterment. Out in California the Japanese in Japan are considered a likable and interesting people, but it is not a matter of record that the Japanese in California are generally held in the same esteem.

Summing it all up, our racial prejudices are for the most part inherited. Those which we have ourselves acquired tend to cluster around differences which are highly visible. We all have the ugly habit of judging the other race by the worst representatives of that race which we know. And we are probably agreed that we could get along fairly well with those of other races if we did not have to rub elbows with them. But here in our land we do have to rub elbows with them; and our prejudices have created barriers which wall off the most inaccessible home missionary territory in America.

Just what progress is the church making in breaking down those barriers?

CHAPTER VIII

Crossing the Lines

A MEXICAN family in southern California moved from one town to another. In the old home they had come in touch with a mission to their people and had united with the church. The preaching from the pulpit, the friendships they had formed, the church life, much like that of a large family, had brought them a new understanding of the teachings of Jesus. Still under the thrill of this experience, they established themselves amid strange surroundings. There happened to be no mission for Mexicans in the town to which they had moved, but the children went to the public school and understood English. On Sunday morning the mother bathed them, dressed them in their best clothes, and sent them to the nearest Sunday school. Timidly they made their way into the auditorium and sat down. Nobody came to welcome them, nobody to take them to their classes. Soon officious people began to whisper behind their hands, and finally a man spoke to them. "I'm sorry," said he, "but this is a Sunday school for Americans. We have no classes for Mexicans." And the little brown-eyed children went home.¹

¹ This and the following incident are taken from a pamphlet published by the Council of Women for Home Missions.

In a Mexican Sunday school conducted in a group of tents by the side of a cantaloup field, a class of girls was studying the parable of the Good Samaritan. The teacher explained that the parable was not just a story, but that in telling it Jesus was trying to teach people to love one another. A girl in the class spoke up immediately: "Why, if we did what that story says, there wouldn't be any war or any murder or anything bad. It would be just heaven."

Then another little girl who had listened intently, said, "And do Americans know that the story means to love people today?"

And that is just the question. Do Americans know that the teachings of Jesus are big enough and strong enough to travel across the boundaries of race and caste?

Racial Lines Are Drawn Everywhere

In Gary, Indiana, a Negro girl was barred from high school because of her race. The action was legally contested, and the case finally reached the Supreme Court of the state. In announcing the court's decision, Chief Justice Willoughby ruled that the exclusion was illegal. He held, however, that there is nothing in the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution guaranteeing equal rights to colored people. "Negroes are barred," declared the Justice, "from all the hotels, churches and theaters of Indianapolis."

For the very reason that the church is a human insti-

tution its members share the limitations of human beings everywhere, and the barriers of race are found in the church also. Indeed, in many cases the condition is even aggravated in the church. In the large cities foreigners may mingle with Americans in restaurants, theaters and public schools, but when it comes to worship, separate churches have to be built for them. Sometimes there is manifested great zeal on the part of an American church for the establishment of a mission for foreigners in the community, but too often the zeal is born of a desire to get the foreigners out of the pews. Is the church willing to be more intolerant on this subject of race than are institutions which do not even pretend to teach brotherhood?

Further complicating the problem is the fact that the foreigner himself shows a marked preference for associating with his own group. Dr. Robert E. Speer in *Of One Blood* has pointed out the fact that racial prejudice is not confined to any group, that each race feels itself superior to every other. The Greeks called all people whose language they could not understand barbarians—literally, the people who when they talked said “Ba-ba-ba.” The American Indian has a legend that when the Great Spirit was making man, the first specimen, created of clay, came out of the oven burned to a crisp. The Great Spirit decided that he would be more careful in the next attempt, and as a result the man came out white and underdone. He then fashioned a third man, baked him just right, and that one came out

a mellow brown.¹ Recently in a London hospital a Jew refused blood transfusion and died rather than let Gentile blood sully that of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.²

Work in Other Tongues

Even if we did not have to deal with a racial prejudice on the part of the foreigner himself, there are still hundreds of thousands of people in this country who do not speak the English language, and thousands more who understand it with such difficulty that worship in that language is impoverished for them. It is because of these facts that the establishment of foreign language churches has been necessary.

In organizing these churches an effort is made to avoid all denominational competition. The Home Missions Council, with headquarters in New York, an organization sponsored and supported by all the boards, encourages the formation of committees or councils in local areas for the purpose of regulating the establishment of new churches. Of course these committees have no authority, but very few denominations now care to begin a foreign language work in a community without the approval of the committee operating in the district.

But even when the assignment of a field for foreign language work has been made to a particular denomina-

¹ Jedediah Morse, *The American Universal Geography*, Boston, 1796.

² *Time*, December 8, 1930, p. 30.

tion, this act ought not to free the other denominations in the community from the sense of obligation. The duty each owes to the people concerned can never be delegated, its own debt to them can never be dodged. For that reason many take the position that an assignment of territory to one church is simply an assignment for leadership, and other local churches are expected to back up the program with volunteer help and with such financial assistance as they can give. Incidentally, what is contributed in money ought to be taken not from funds for benevolence, but from current expense budgets.

Starting a Church for Mexicans

About twelve years ago a deputy sheriff went down into the Mexican colony of Santa Paula to quell a brawl. In this discharge of duty he was murdered. Immediately there was an uproar in the city. There were many who favored loading all the Mexicans into box-cars and shipping them back to Mexico. The counsel of wiser heads, however, prevailed. It was shown that the community had done absolutely nothing for the Mexicans, either spiritually or as a social group. They had been imported to work in the orange groves, and aside from catering for their trade in the town stores, the people had forgotten them. With four sodden centuries of ignorance, neglect and misrule behind them, the Mexicans had built up no moral inhibitions. Always there was bootlegging, gambling and social vice among them,

and occasionally there were drunken brawls, with the knife play which too often characterizes a Mexican quarrel. And now "a white man" had been killed.

As a result of the discussion, the churches of the city came to the very sane conclusion that the Mexicans really formed a part of the parishes, and that thus far every organization in the community had recognized their presence except the churches. Obviously there had been a sad neglect of Christian duty. It was just as obvious, however, that the churches of the town, having reached this conclusion, could not immediately all rush into the colony. There were not sufficient funds, and even if there had been, the Mexicans would only have been confused by this action and the work would have done more harm than good. And so the churches banded together and established a Mexican mission, and the Methodist denomination was asked to sponsor the work, to provide the leadership, and to outline the program of activities. All the churches have contributed to the mission's support. A church was subsequently organized under Methodist polity and reporting to Methodist headquarters, but representing the desire of all the denominations of the community to carry the gospel to the strangers within their gates.

Fishing for a Church

A similar plan is followed with other foreign groups. At Monterey there is a colony of Japanese fishermen, and their care has been made a Presbyterian responsi-

bility. If ever you go to Monterey when the salmon run is on, Takiguchi, an elder in this church, would be delighted to take you out some early morning when the mist hangs low over Monterey Bay and help you hook a salmon. This same Takiguchi is a remarkable man. His father in Japan was a drunkard, and left his mother when young Takiguchi was only fifteen. Not deterred by his example, Takiguchi began drinking *sake*, and presently, as his wanderings took him first to Hawaii and then to California, he was ready to drink anything that came in a bottle, provided its alcoholic content were strong enough. He sank lower and lower, until finally, one moonlit night in Santa Cruz, he went out alone upon the pier to watch the dark waters tug and tear at the piling. Takiguchi is a Japanese, and at that time he was a fatalist. Life was a muddle, and the dark swirling waters were calling him.

Suddenly a hand was placed upon his shoulder—a young man from the Japanese church at San José was also walking in the moonlight. For hours the two sat upon the edge of the pier and talked of life and its problems, and finally of Jesus Christ. Takiguchi went to the meetings in San José. He gave up drinking. Later he decided to abandon all his old beliefs and become a disciple of Jesus. Having reached that decision, he wrote a letter to his old mother in Japan, telling her what he had done. But the Japanese woman could not read, so she carried the letter to the Buddhist priest in the village. He read it, meditated in silence for a

long while, and then said, "My good woman, weep not for your son, for he has found the true religion."

It was not long before Takiguchi had earned and saved enough to buy a boat and set himself up as a fisherman in Monterey. And when the church was organized, he became one of the first elders.

But while there was a church, there was no building. And so one night the Japanese elders called Philip F. Payne, superintendent of Oriental work, to come and confer with them. They served him a Japanese dinner, and when the dishes were cleared away they began to talk. "We want a church; not for ourselves, for out on the bay when the night's work is done we tie our boats together and pray and sing. But we want a church for our boys and girls, that they may be taught in the Jesus way."

That night they promised to give their whole season's catch of tuna as a contribution to the building. "How much will that be?" asked Mr. Payne. "About two thousand dollars," responded Takiguchi.

For some reason the tuna did not run that year off Monterey. The catch barely paid expenses. But the Japanese kept their pledge; they took out the first two thousand dollars from their catch of sardines and turned it over to the building fund. It meant hardship during the winter, but it meant also that their children would be taught in the Jesus way. And the church which they built stands for evangelical Christianity among the Japanese of Monterey.

What shall be done when an American community changes its character and becomes dominantly foreign? Shall the church sell its plant and move to a new location? Is its responsibility to a field or to a constituency?

Bethesda Makes an Experiment

The Bethesda Presbyterian Church in Los Angeles has had to face these questions. The church was organized and the building erected years ago in what was at that time one of the finest districts of the city. But gradually, as so often happens in a close-in residential area adjoining the business section, the native Americans began to move out to the suburbs, and their places were taken by foreigners. There were many who counseled selling the property and reinvesting the proceeds in another part of the city.

The people decided, however, that God had placed the church in the district to serve those who lived there. To alienate the property investment would only leave the district poverty-stricken spiritually. If the constituency had changed, the logical answer was to change the program. And so the church was institutionalized. In order to meet the larger expenses of the new work, home mission funds were made available. The staff was increased, and numerous week-day activities were added. It was about the time of the great influx from Mexico, and soon the parish visitor reported that Mexican faces were appearing at the doors when the bells were rung.

These people could neither understand what was said nor read the literature which was put into their hands. The next step was a home visitor who could speak Spanish.

At first this new worker sought only to interest the children in the Sunday school and to attract the adult Mexicans to the clinics, the clubs, and the night classes. But one day a frantic mother came running to the clinic with a dying babe in her arms, and the doctor and nurse were able to fan the little spark of life back to a flame. The gratitude of the father and mother knew no bounds. Mexican participation in the activities of the church gradually increased, and soon a group began to ask for preaching services in Spanish. The work has grown until it now requires the full time of a Mexican minister. When this step was taken, a Spanish department was organized. Today there are more Mexican than American members in the church.

Exploring the Possibilities

The ideal type of program for the foreigner has probably not yet been developed. If the foreigner were *not* foreign; if he were not himself susceptible to racial prejudice, just as we are, and did not show an unmistakable preference to herd with those of his own kind; and if he could always speak and understand our language, the problem would be comparatively simple, for it would be merely one of overcoming our own prejudice and opening to him our churches and our hearts. Unfortunately, it is usually as hard to get a foreigner to go

to one of our churches as it is to secure a welcome for him when he does go.

We are still in the experimental stage, as far as program and methodology are concerned, and all along the home mission front interesting and daring experiments are being made.

In one of our large foreign groups in a Western state, a denomination has an allocation covering two counties. The leadership for the enterprise rests with a young American who is long on vision and short on denominational narrowness. The denomination which he represents is investing home mission money with no thought or hope of building up churches of its own creedal emphasis. Up to the present time, the work has been extended to ten communities. Local boards of control have been organized, and the program is supported in part by the denomination having the allocation and in part by the cooperating churches.

The interesting thing about the whole experiment is the fact that new converts, upon being baptized, are received into one of the existing American churches. If they wish to be with Methodist friends or relatives, Methodists they become; if they express a preference for the Baptist church, they are received into that denomination. For their expressional and devotional life they meet together and worship in their own tongue; for the sacraments they go to the church to which they belong. Thus each supporting denomination has a real stake in the enterprise, while denominational rivalry is mini-

mized. And at the same time that this good fellowship is being practised, the chasm between foreigner and American is being bridged.

Person to Person

Most of the work which we have discussed has had to do with organizations. Is it possible that we prefer to do missionary work through organizations because it saves us from direct personal contact with the foreigner? And if that is true, are we not rather unreasonable in our attitude toward him? If he is going to live in this country, we want him to forget his racial customs and become an American as soon as possible. Outwardly that means dressing as we dress, talking as we talk, keeping house in the way we keep house. All these things are effected as the result of personal contact, and yet we take care that personal contacts are as few and as sketchy as we can make them. We want the foreigner to have a home like an American home, and then we see that he never gets inside an American home.

Recognizing the need of direct personal contact with the stranger, the Episcopal church has committed itself to the policy of ministering to foreigners in English-speaking parishes through the work of a Foreign-Born Americans Division. The Episcopal church organizes no foreign language churches, and feels that the organization of such churches hinders rather than helps in the solution of the problem. A tract which the division publishes called "American Friendliness," written by

Joseph Buffington, proposes "an American friend for every foreign-born." Such work, declares the division, "is not a side issue, but an integral, obvious, and practical part of ordinary parish life."

A great church in a great city was planning to entertain the delegates to the annual state convention of the denomination to which it belongs. With real courtesy the church offered to entertain on the Harvard plan all ministers and their wives coming from home mission fields. When the names of the prospective delegates began to arrive, it was remembered that there were a number of Japanese, Chinese, Mexican and Korean churches in the state. The committee was in a quandary. There were many persons of wealth in the congregation; could these be asked to throw their homes open to foreigners?

An attempt was made to secure a large dormitory where the foreign delegates could all be housed together. Then some of the people of the church decided that an opportunity had been presented for them to show their Christianity, and offered the hospitality of their homes. A man of wealth who had opened his palatial residence in one of the élite sections to a Mexican minister and his wife, exclaimed after the convention was over, "I'm sure we had the pick of all the delegates. They were great. They brought us a blessing, and we liked them better every day."

We may build missions and churches and schools and community houses upon every corner of every block in

every foreign community in America, but if we do not exemplify the spirit of the Master in our personal contacts with and attitudes toward the foreigner, all our organized work will be in vain.

CHAPTER IX

The Church—and Bread and Butter

“**N**OTHIN’ stop ’im! Nothin’ stop ’im!”

Hugh Patton, a full-blooded Pima Indian, shook his brown finger under the nose of Calvin Coolidge. For a moment his Indian calm was laid aside as a garment. His dark eyes flashed fire. Forgotten was the great crowd of people gathered for the dedication of the Coolidge Dam; forgotten the dignitaries who were with him upon the platform. Hugh Patton, Pima farmer, was telling Calvin Coolidge, former President, how Dirk Lay, home missionary, had secured water for his people.

Water Is Life in Arizona

East of the Mississippi River, people forget what water means in the desert. In New York and Pennsylvania great rivers, fed by rains and springs from the hills, billow along ceaselessly to the ocean. Not long ago I followed the Monongahela for a whole morning. The snows were melting in the mountains, and the river was bank-high, a ceaseless, moving tide of fresh water hurrying to bury itself and be lost in the salt of the sea. What would a river like that mean to Arizona? In Arizona, water is life. And because in Arizona water

is life, the Pima Indians there have for years been a dying race.

Nobody knows how long the Pimas have lived upon their flat mesa by the banks of the sluggish Gila. Only legends in the mouths of the old men tell the history of the Pimas before the white race came. The old men, sitting in their hogans, wrapped in their blankets, tell what they have been told, speaking in the gutturals of their tribe. Once there were ten thousand Pimas living along the Gila. Much water flowed in the river, and every man had all that he wanted, and because there was plenty of water, the question of rights to the use of it had scarcely arisen. The Pimas were a peaceable tribe. They raised their wheat and corn, and kept peace with their neighbors—except the Apaches. All Indian tribes warred with the Apaches. When the white men came tumbling out of the land of the rising sun in their covered wagons and were attacked by the Apaches, the Pimas joined hands with the whites to protect them from destruction.

It is impossible for any of us today to read the history of this country's treatment of the American Indian without feeling the blush of shame. Always it has been a story of aggression, of bloodshed, of robbery, of broken faith, of violated treaties. The story of our dealing with the Pimas is just a page from that same history.

When wagons came out of the East, the whites settled on the banks of the Gila and the San Carlos. They staked their claims along the streams and began to clear

away the mesquite and the cactus. There was water in the river. These men came from the East, where water flowed plenteously. Water was like air; it was one of the gifts of God; it was free. And so, higher up the Gila, above the lands of the Pimas, new ditches began to be dug from the river to lead the precious water out over new, dry acres. Each succeeding homestead lowered the water still more.

When Dirk Lay, fresh from college and standing six feet three in his stocking feet, went out to take up the work that had been done by Charles H. Cook among the Pimas, he was fired by a passion to take them the gospel. Dr. Cook had labored long years before he had seen a single convert. Before he died, however, the stolid Indian resistance had given way and he had seen much fruit of his labor. But still the Pimas were pagan, and Dirk Lay wanted to bring them the water of life.

In the college and seminary where he had been prepared he had learned the technique of football, and it was this training which best served him when he reached the reservation. For he found that he was not running in a relay with Dr. Cook; he could not take the baton from that hand and run on from the place where his predecessor had laid it down. For Dr. Cook the aloofness of the Indian had softened, but the Pimas did not know Dirk Lay; he had yet to prove himself. They were not sure of his message, because they were not sure of him.

And so, as one way of establishing those personal re-

lationships which he knew to be so necessary, the young missionary began organizing football teams. Soon he had ten or a dozen teams of Pima youths bucking against each other on Saturday afternoons. Of course the preacher-coach occasionally took the ball to show them how it ought to be done. And when Dirk Lay took the ball and plowed through the opposition, the Pima young men picked themselves up after the scrimmage and looked upon him with a new admiration. It was not long before he reached the point which Dr. Cook had reached when he had to give up the race; and when once Dirk Lay had gained their confidence, the Indians came to hear him preach. On summer Sundays when he talked to them about the water of life the Pima farmers listened, but they went out to wander over their fields and think of the work of the morrow, and there they saw parched crops yellowed under the desert sun; for the whites had settled on the Gila, and water is life in Arizona.

Finally Dirk Lay could stand it no longer. He talked to the Indian agent, he talked to the influential people in the valley, he wrote to the Arizona senators and representatives in Washington. After a long fight, the government became interested enough to make a survey for the building of a dam, but it was found that the dam would cost millions of dollars. Then everybody forgot all about the matter, and the Indians continued to lose their crops because there was no water in the ditches.

That is, everybody forgot except Dirk Lay. He left his ten or a dozen churches and Sunday schools and his work of itineration, left his football teams, and went to Washington. He called on the Arizona senators and representatives and was told that he had embarked on a wild goose chase. The session was fast drawing to a close, and there remained much important legislation upon which Congress was still to act. Perhaps, it was said, the next Congress would do something. And all the while the crops of the Pimas were dying, and through the banks of the Gila the waters trickled in a little rill down to the Colorado. And water is life in Arizona.

Soon senators and representatives from every state in the union began to find their mail flooded with letters, and their desks cluttered with urgent yellow- and blue-covered messages from their constituencies. These messages were couched in different terms, but they all carried the same burden: "Congress must do something at this session for the Pimas. A dam must be built on the Gila." Within a few months Christian people all over the country had sent their Congressmen forty thousand letters and telegrams, pleading that water be given to the Pimas. It was on that day when the crowd had gathered to dedicate a dam which had cost five and a half millions of dollars, and an ex-President had come out from the East to take part in the ceremonies, that Hugh Patton took it upon himself to tell Calvin Coolidge that the Pimas knew who had saved their crops.

Good Neighbors in the Southern Mountains

When the first two women missionaries went into McKee, in Jackson County, Kentucky, the people of the little mountain community held themselves aloof. The women were "furriners"; they were probably laughing secretly at the strange customs of the people, and they must have some ulterior motive or they would never have established themselves in the community. The prospects for service did not look very bright. At Christmas the two missionaries decided that their opportunity had come. They would have a community Christmas tree, and through the spirit of the season they would reach the hearts of the people. But when the tree was set up, the young men of the hills gathered about on their horses and shot the candles from its branches.

Little by little, however, the two faithful women made friends out of enemies. Six years after that disastrous Christmas celebration, there came a minister as an addition to the staff. Not only was the newcomer a forceful preacher, but, what was perhaps just as important for his present work, he had been brought up on a farm in New Jersey and had been schooled in the care of cows and corn. Gradually through his farming experience he won his way with the people, and through his knowledge of agriculture he was able to help undergird their whole economic life.

Much has been said about this mountain area of the

South, but enough has not been said nor can it be said about the contribution made by the missionaries and teachers of the church in helping the people to arrive at higher standards of living. Through their work, barriers of misunderstanding have been broken down, while in the mission schools boys have been taught more efficient methods of farming, and girls have been trained in higher standards of homemaking. Everywhere the evidences of this rare service can be seen in more productive farms, neater cottages, and better-clothed people.

In the Cumberland, Alleghany, and Blue Ridge Mountains there is an area which includes parts of nine states and covers a total of about a hundred and twelve thousand square miles. Within it live between five and six million people for whom isolation has spelled ignorance. Life in this area has been like an eddy in the current of our national life. While the main body of the stream has swept on to better education, new inventions, and more efficient ways of gaining a livelihood and of using the means of life after they have been won, this eddy has swirled around and back upon itself. There has been much intermarriage and inbreeding among the people. As is always the case in such a situation, ignorance has exalted itself, glorifying the old ways of life and frowning upon new ways as "furrin." Yet one has only to go over the roster of great men who have come out of this area to realize that there are within it great potentialities, if only they can be guided and shaped aright.

Sowers of New Seed

Just what is the business of a home missionary enterprise in a community, anyway? Have missionaries an economic ministry to the people to whom they have been sent? Have they a responsibility for the standard of living in the communities to which they go?

Jesus said that the kingdom of God is like leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened. It was a slow, a gradual process. Given time, the message of Christ will work itself into every phase of daily living. Indeed, it has done just that, and through the centuries has given us better standards of living, higher culture, fuller education, loftier ideas of brotherhood, a purer idealism. But a territory which is missionary territory is, because of that very fact, a territory where the gospel has not yet had its opportunity. Many of the very desirable by-products of the message have not had time to develop.

In a mountain district of New Mexico Zoë Ellsworth has labored as community worker for a number of years. She has been a friend to every home for miles around. She has nursed the sick and prayed with the dying, and borne the griefs and the sorrows of a whole community; but one of the greatest things she has done has been to help the people come to a higher standard of living. For generations the farmers in that section have used for the crops the same variety of seed. It may be that this seed is the lineal descendant of that which was first

brought by the Spaniards when they came from Mexico City. With the new strains of seed which Zoë Ellsworth has introduced, the crops have shown decided improvement.

Moreover, the people of the district suffer from a deplorable lack of fresh fruit. The hillsides are admirably adapted to grape culture, but for years grapes were unknown. When Spain conquered the West the growing of grapes was forbidden in all her colonies, for it was feared that the development of vineyards in the New World would interfere with the established wine industry of the mother country. Zoë Ellsworth taught the people how to grow grapes, thus providing them with an article of fresh fruit in their diet.

Not only is it the business of the church in its missionary program to help in the solution of economic problems already existing in a community, but the church is under the responsibility to provide some solution for the economic problems which its own presence and program there create.

New Conditions in Porto Rico

Is it true that a church missionary program does create new economic problems in a community?

Almost a quarter of a century ago I went to Porto Rico as a government school teacher. My first assignment was at Comerío, then a village of about two thousand inhabitants in the very center of the island. I made the journey from San Juan on horseback, for at that

time there was no railroad, and no highway to the town. The chief crop of the district was tobacco, and there were two cigar factories, the output of which had to be carried by burro train a distance of about sixteen miles. At that time there were on the island about a million people, and even then it was greatly overcrowded. It used to be said that there was not a spot in Porto Rico where one could lift his voice without being heard by someone. All along the slopes of the mountains and in the valleys were tiny farms. The houses were small, and the *jibaros*, or peasants, the people living on these farms, grew just enough on their plots of ground to meet the needs of their families. Children, until they reached puberty, wore no clothes, and even after that time they were not overburdened with them. A kind climate, a fertile soil, an existence without ambition, made life easy. The people were poor but they seemed to be happy.

Now, after a quarter of a century, there have been remarkable changes, some of which the church has helped to bring about. From the very start, the church through its home missionaries blazed the way in education and public health. There are a million and a half people on the island. In many communities there were mission schools before public education became a reality, while the great mission hospital in San Juan almost from the first spread its influence over the whole island. Instruction in public health and in the care of babies has greatly lowered the death rate, accounting in large

measure for a fifty per cent increase in population. Education has become a passion, each new advance resulting in hunger for fresh learning.

But the greatest change has come in the economic structure of the island. With the introduction of American capital, the small holdings of the *jibaros* have been bought up, and have been thrown into plantations for the growing of sugar, coffee and tobacco. There being no duty on imports to the United States from Porto Rico, poor land there can be used for the growing of sugar, when it would not be profitable to use such land in Santo Domingo and Cuba, where tariffs apply. As a result, little patches of ground which otherwise might be available for the growing of fruits and vegetables have all been put under the plow of the great corporation. The small farmer who once worked his patch as an owner is now a paid laborer on the large estate. And because the ground is thus used for crops which are exported, foodstuffs have to be imported by the people at high prices. In other words, the Porto Rican laborer earns at the Porto Rican wage standard and buys at the American wage standard. And he is slowly starving to death.

The gospel always brings a "divine discontent." When the apostles went out, fired with a passion, to announce the risen Lord, there were those who complained, "They who have turned the world upside down have come hither also." Everywhere the teachings of Jesus have made necessary a readjustment of human relations.

We rejoice in dissatisfaction with wrong conditions, but unless the church can minister to the hunger which she creates, she is failing in her mission. The church has accomplished much in Porto Rico, but we must go on to solve the new problems our missionary work has helped create.

The Problem in New Mexico

Let us go back again to New Mexico with this thought in mind. In all that area, where the church is still the pioneer and where the community has not yet caught up with its program of education, home missionaries are creating desires for standards of living which the people are economically unable to maintain. Throughout that mountain district the wild oats have gradually been choking out the grain, yet no systematic instruction has ever been given as to how to sow cover crops which will choke out the wild oats. In many places seed and stock have degenerated, and no effective program has been undertaken to replenish either. With almost a reverence for the land, holdings have been passed down from father to son and subdivided with each generation, until now they are too small to support those trying to live on them under the old system of agriculture; the only thing that can save the situation is intensive farming with rotation of crops. Yet no missionary board has ever seen this problem with the statesmanlike grasp which would inspire somebody to do something on an adequate scale. So small have family

incomes become that each year large numbers of Spanish American men sow the crops and leave the women and children to care for them, while they go out to work in the beet fields of Colorado, in the potato fields of Idaho, on the section gangs of the railroads, or in the lumber camps of their own state.

And while these people have been growing poorer and poorer, our missionary program has acquainted them with desires and tastes which more and more require money. We glory in the higher standards of living which are taught and in the desire of the people to attain them; but good missionary strategy ought to help supply the wants which it creates.

There is still another side to the problem. In Albuquerque and in Santa Fé, the metropolis and the capital of the state, are five mission boarding schools. These schools, maintained by various denominational boards, are most of them fed by plaza schools located in remote mountain districts. Always the teachers in the plaza schools are on the lookout for the brightest boys and girls, that they may be sent to the boarding schools for a higher education. When these young people leave their mountain homes and go down to the city, for the first time in their lives they see electric lights and become acquainted with the customs of modern city life. We train them for work among their own people, but when they are through with their preparation, a distressing and increasing number are unwilling to return to the plazas because of the drab and unpromising economic

existence which has already been described. Every community produces a certain number of leaders, and we are harming rather than helping a community if our program drains from it its leadership, thus leaving it less inspired than it was before.

What Shall We Do About It?

Shall we abandon the good work which we are doing because of the problems which that work creates? No more than that we would "sin, that grace may abound." Our missionary strategy must be redrafted so that we shall be able to strengthen economically the communities to which we minister. Then not only shall the people be able to attain the standards of living for which we have created the desire, but the leaders whom we train shall be drawn back by that homing instinct which under normal conditions never fails to function. Our fathers, facing the problems of home missionary work on the new frontiers, discovered that they could not get God counted in the churches until they had got him counted in the schools. The particular problem in our day is in the realm of economics, for we must get God counted in the market-place.

CHAPTER X

The Forbidden Land

THERE is an old story about the Jesuit missionary Francis Xavier, which is often used in presenting the cause of foreign missions. For ten years Xavier tried to enter China, in the days when the doors of the Celestial Empire were closed to foreigners. Finally, after repeated attempts and disappointments, he established himself upon the barren little island of Sancian, within sight of the mainland. There, with an interpreter and a native servant, he waited for the opportunity which never came. When he was only forty-six he died, his strength spent in ceaseless toil, his spirit drained by the impetuosity of his own nature. During his last days it is said he could often be seen stretching out his arms to the forbidden land, crying, "O rock, rock, when wilt thou open?"

There are those who explain that it was not Xavier but another who uttered these famous words. Whatever may be the case, the picture of the lonely missionary waiting for a closed land to open has still its graphic appeal.

We have always thought of foreign missionaries knocking at closed doors; but equally there are areas in

the home land where doors are closed to the teachings of Jesus.

The Area of International Relationships

When war breaks out it is customary to ask that the gospel be forgotten. The propaganda of hate which feeds war; its vast destruction of natural resources and wealth; its cunning invention of the instruments of death; blood and slaughter of the battlefield; wrecked homes, blighted lives, broken hearts—all these are contrary to the teachings of the Man of Galilee. In the area of international relationships where wars are bred, his teachings are often barred as “idealistic,” “impractical,” “the theories of a dreamer.” And yet while Jesus himself is shut out, the church he came to establish is given free entrance.

To understand this apparent contradiction, it is necessary for us to remember that war as a method of settling disputes is one of the oldest of institutions. Though war is entirely contrary to the ethics of Jesus, war and religion have been closely associated since the beginning of time. Samuel, one of the greatest prophets of Jehovah, cut Agag into pieces with his own hand, when this king of the Amalakites had been spared by Saul.¹ And David, called a man after God's own heart, felt that he was doing God service when he slaughtered his enemies. As a matter of fact, there was less of this sort

¹ I Samuel 15:33.

of barbarism in the name of religion among the Israelites than among other peoples.

It might have been thought that when Jesus came to establish a purified faith, teaching non-resistance and love of one's enemies, this iniquitous alliance would forever afterward have been banished from the thoughts of his followers. Indeed there were many early Christians who refused to bear arms in the Roman state, but war as an institution is deeply rooted in human experience, and within a few centuries Christians were serving as soldiers everywhere under the Roman eagle. When the Emperor Constantine became Christian it was easy for those zealous for the growth of the church to think of armed success in heathen lands as opening doors for the spread of the gospel. And from that day to this the church has been called upon to bless every war waged by a Christian nation.

The Church and War

Now and again, if we have the courage, those of us who were preaching in the years from 1914 to 1918 go to our files and reread some of the things which we then said. Many of our utterances, viewed with the clearer perspective of the years, are little short of blasphemous. Most of them bring the blush of shame to our cheeks.

The marshaling of the power and resources of the churches in this country during the last world struggle was a process little short of stupendous. The war resolved itself into a crusade—a war to end war; and

the wolves of hate stalked through the land in sheep's clothing. The church was used to help in creating that social pressure which overwhelmed opposition to the draft. Hate and fear were sown from the pulpits. And the sad part of it is that if the thing were to happen again tomorrow, the churches, after a feeble resistance in certain far-scattered quarters, would doubtless again fall in line to bless and prosecute war. So the church comes in, while Jesus stays out. Her representatives go to the front line trenches, carrying the New Testament as part of their equipment, but they must cut from that testament the Sermon on the Mount.

All this raises a tangle of knotty questions. What shall a Christian nation do when attacked? How is it possible for a nation or an individual to live in a world of violence and practise the doctrine of non-resistance?

Just as it was impossible during the days of the Civil War for this nation to endure half slave and half free, so there is not room in the same world for the spirit of hate and war, and the spirit of love and peace. War is a growth whose roots are too deep in the social soil to be overturned in a moment. None the less the task lies before us of projecting the teachings of Jesus into this forbidden area, and in the accomplishment of this purpose many of his disciples will have to follow the way of sacrifice over which he went. Meanwhile there are some things which the church can do.

First, we can press for the development of a social conscience that shall include all nations in its scope.

This spirit may work itself out through universal treaties of arbitration, or through a world court, or through similar agencies. There was a time when individuals felt that they could not submit questions of personal honor to the judgment of others, and yet that practice has long been taken for granted. The day will come, if Jesus comes to have his way in international relationships, when it will be a matter of course to refer disputes to boards of arbitration. Second, whatever may be our personal and individual response to war, we can insist that the church be not asked to profane her altars by blessing the war we undertake. Third, we can insist that in any future war, capital as well as lives shall be conscripted.

The Church and Industry

The possible conscription of wealth brings us immediately to the consideration of another area in our daily relationships where doors are constantly closed to the teachings of Jesus. In the preceding chapter we talked about getting God counted in the market-place, limiting our discussion, however, to things the church can do and is going to do to better the conditions under which certain people live. But our study must go deeper, for there are practices and principles in our whole economic structure which are unchristian.

For this reason, doors in the market-place are often closed to Jesus. The church, of course, is always welcome. She may build cathedrals and set up altars, but

if she teaches the ethics of Jesus, she must provide commentaries to show that they do not mean exactly what they say. When Jesus' teachings about property are quoted, it has to be explained that he spoke with the idea that the end of all things was near, and property values therefore were not worthy of consideration. When he observed that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven, he is said to have had in mind the little gate by the side of the big gate at Jerusalem. Entrance through it was hard, to be sure; the camel would have to bend, and perhaps lose a part of his load, but by squeezing he would surely get in. We are informed that the teachings in the Sermon on the Mount are to be progressively realized. They are beautiful but they are also idealistic, and therefore impracticable in a workaday world. They cannot and must not be taught as they stand.

During the winter of 1931 bread-lines were established in most of our great cities. In Times Square in New York for many weeks a soup kitchen nightly fed hundreds of cold and hungry men. If one had thought to stage a spectacle of poverty and wealth, it could not have been done more dramatically. The dazzling lights of electric signs played upon the scene. Pleasure-bent on either sidewalk went the gay throng of Broadway. Women dressed in expensive fur coats and wearing thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry thronged their way into the theaters and moving-picture houses. Auto-

mobiles pushed along in endless line, impatient at delay. And occupying the center of this panoramic stage a line of men several blocks long stood for hours, two abreast, each man eager to appease his hunger with a bowl of soup.

In 1930 the census showed that there are in the United States more than 122,000,000 people, and that the country is the richest on earth. Our total wealth has been estimated at \$361,800,000,000, which means a per capita wealth of \$2,977.¹ The catch lies, of course, in the fact that this enormous wealth is so unequally divided. In 1928 there were 511 persons with incomes of \$1,000,000 or over, 26 with incomes of over \$5,000,000, and 15,969 with incomes of over \$100,000.² And the ethics which the rulers of this forbidden land have set up, make it possible year by year for the rich to become richer while the poor become poorer. How could they permit a man to enter who would go up and down saying to everyone he met, "Let him that hath two coats give to him that hath none"?

It is beside the point to compare the poor in our own land with the poor of some of the older countries of Europe or of the East, with their teeming populations. Our land is so rich and so comparatively unoccupied that it is a wonder there are any poor here at all. Yet Professor Irving Fisher has estimated that five-sixths of all the workers in this country do not receive what he calls

¹ National Industrial Conference Board.

² Commissioner of Internal Revenue, *Statistics of Income*.

a cultural wage, a wage which makes it possible for them to secure adequate education or other cultural advantages.¹ How can these people attain the abundant life about which Jesus spoke, when the only life they know is a worried seeking after shelter and enough food and clothing to keep body and soul together?

The Worth of a Man

Moreover, in the existing scheme for perpetuating this unequal distribution of goods, human lives are generally regarded as if they were commodities. During the World War one of the generals on the western front described the bursting of a huge shell which had buried almost a company of men: "But they were not hurt, so we dug them out and used them again." Frequently in industry people are used with slight regard for the fact that they are personalities, with living souls. Now it was one of the cardinal teachings of Jesus that a personality is of inestimable value—something not to be considered as some of us appear to consider it today, in the same category with pig-iron or wheat or rubber or oil. Interpreting this idea, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America published what it called "Ten Commandments for Social Justice." One of the commandments read: "Thou shalt remember that the end-product of industry is not goods or dividends, but the kind of men and women whose lives are moulded by that industry."

¹ Harry F. Ward, *Our Economic Morality*, p. 92.

In one of our large cities the superintendent of the church federation tried to emphasize this teaching with what proved to be disastrous results to himself. Not content with organizing the usual activities for the relief of the poor, this man was tireless in his insistence that it is not enough to ameliorate conditions as they exist, that the church must work for changes which will make evil social conditions impossible. He was not satisfied merely to treat the symptoms of the disease; he wanted to cure the disease itself. The way to do this involved better working conditions in the garment workers' trade, with shorter hours and higher wages. Personalities, he felt, should not be counted as one of the raw materials in production. But this meant reduction of profits in the industry. Was he permitted thus to introduce his Master into the forbidden land? Decidedly not. Pressure was brought to bear upon those responsible for his employment, and he was told that his resignation would be accepted.

Frequently my work takes me up into the eastern part of Colorado during the beet season. Practically all the field work done upon the beets is done by Mexicans. The families work by contract, receiving an average of about twenty-three dollars an acre for all the hand work necessary during the "campaign." This means thinning the young plants and weeding them as many times as weather conditions may require. In order for a family to produce a wage which will even approximate their support, it is necessary for them to put the little chil-

dren to work from dawn until dark. It is hard work, and we hear it said that children do it more easily than grown people "because they do not have to stoop so far." One little boy who was asked to describe the position he assumed while thinning the beets said, "You walk jes' like a dog."

The National Child Labor Committee, studying the conditions prevailing in certain counties of Colorado, found that children as young as seven and eight were doing this back-breaking work. One boy seven years old thinned beets for twenty-six days of ten hours each. Children cared for six to nine acres on an average, doing all the hand work of thinning and weeding. But "the outstanding fact discovered by the committee was that of all the workers required to do the work on 26,161 acres of beets, forty-nine per cent were children under sixteen years of age."¹

Apart from all the dangerous effects upon their health, to do this work the children must stay out of school, in violation of state compulsory education laws. Their attention having been called to this fact, school authorities in some places have said, "Well, they're just Mexicans and only here temporarily." Farmers and company disclaim all responsibility for the child labor involved, and say that it is the parents who send the children into the field; and yet they both know that the

¹ National Child Labor Committee, "Children Working in the Sugar Beet Fields of Certain Districts of the South Platte Valley, Colorado," pp. 46 ff.

pay offered would not support the families without the work of the children.

No Easy Solutions

These problems are extremely difficult of solution, and they are rendered more complicated because industry has to do with the supplying of every material need we have. We are all smeared with the same tar brush. It is impossible for us to eat or buy clothes or travel without in some way being a party to industrial wrongs. We see cheap shirts in a store window and gladly take advantage of a bargain; and by so doing we may have helped to maintain a sweatshop. We buy sugar and perhaps become party to the labor of little children. But because such facts as these confuse us is no reason why we should not try to solve the problem. At the Conference on Life and Work at Stockholm, Father Bull declared, "It is the duty of the church to promote revolution against all conditions which degrade mankind."

Our greatest difficulty comes from the fact that we have tacitly accepted the idea that industry must be walled off in a realm by itself. When Christian ethics collide with business ethics, we say simply, "Business is business." If we were to insist that these barriers shall be broken down, that when the church enters the industrial world she shall take her Master with her, every problem would find solution in the light of his teaching. It would take years of readjustment, but all society would be transformed.

Today the world is watching two great national experiments. The first of these is in Mexico, where the church at the beginning of the nineteenth century owned from one-half to four-fifths of all the land in the country—real estate which was exempt from taxation. Most of the people were landless, and lived in peonage on the great *haciendas*. Everywhere there was ignorance, sickness, abject poverty. The people were divided into two groups: the ten per cent who, together with the church, owned all of the land, and the ninety per cent who lived in daily want. The church as an institution stood high in Mexico, but the teachings of Jesus were forgotten. At last the people rose in revolution, and organized religion suffers today in Mexico because the church sought to be ministered unto rather than to minister.

The other great experiment is going on in Russia. Recently I heard an address by Professor George M. Day, head of the department of sociology in Occidental College. I knew Dr. Day as a student in college, and remember how after his graduation in 1905 he went out as a Y. M. C. A. secretary to Russia. For seven years he worked there under the czarist régime, trying to bring something of the principles of applied Christianity to Russian students. In 1930 he went again to Russia to study conditions under the Soviet government, a task made easier by his knowledge of the language and his former association with men who are now educational leaders in the new Russia. When I heard Dr. Day speak he was lecturing on the causes of the bitter

attack that is being made in Russia on religion. He described the want, the ignorance, the superstition, of the people in 1910, and told of an interview he had had at that time with a bishop of the Russian church. "What is the outstanding need of Russia?" was one of the questions he had put to the churchman. And the answer had been, "The revision of the ritual."

It is dangerous for the church to enter the forbidden land without her Lord.

CHAPTER XI

Why Does the Enterprise Lag?

IN THE preceding chapters we have tried to face the home mission task. In our study together we have gone from the snows of Alaska to the palms of Porto Rico, and in all our journeys we have marched down pathways of need. We have followed the pioneers into Kentucky and Ohio, and have watched the covered wagons fade away into the West on their way to establish new settlements along the Pacific coast. We have seen how the missionaries have followed them, and how large a part spiritual realities have played in the developing communities of new areas. Nor has all our journeying been done by boat, auto and train over long distances; at times we have scarcely gone beyond the limits of our home towns and cities. We have seen that there are many fields for home mission service which are not bounded by mountains or streams. We have discovered that often the most appalling distance is social distance.

We have noted much that has been done, but we have noted also a tremendous task yet to be accomplished. And in the presence of this great task we have seen the churches sometimes beating a retreat, closing schools and recalling missionaries. To describe this process we have used the word "cut," a term advisedly chosen, for the

process cuts the heart out of missionary and people, and the spirit of sacrifice out of the church.

Cutting a budget is not so difficult when it is done a thousand miles from the job. Then it is pretty much a matter of arithmetic, of working out percentages and balancing columns of figures. But translated into terms of the field, it means the killing of a church or a school, and churches and schools are people, made of flesh and bone and blood. It means telling underprivileged boys and girls and men and women that they can no longer have the opportunities which mean so much in their lives.

What a Cut Means

I shall never forget a certain day when I went out to "kill" a church. The cut in the budget had come; after all the adjustments had been made which could be made, certain churches had to die. And it was up to me to be not only the judge but the executioner. I resolved, of course, to be brave about it. Having decided upon a church in Arizona which must be closed, I sent them word that I was coming to visit them.

When I arrived, they were exceedingly glad to see me; they had been hoping and praying that I would come. They turned out in force; their little church had been lonesome, and they longed to hear about their sister churches. And so they welcomed me with many a hearty handclasp and many a Mexican *abrazo*. They did not know that I came bearing a dagger.

The service began, and I sat upon the platform, watching the faces before me. Here was a familiar glance, there a smile of welcome. And as I watched the people, there kept running through my mind the stories of faith and heroism and sacrifice which had characterized their lives. My reverie was interrupted by the singing of a hymn. Soon it would be over, and I would have to get up and kill the church. And as the congregation smiled their friendly greeting, I could not help thinking of the words of Roman gladiators in the arena, "We who are about to die salute you."

I tried to kill that church, but it just wouldn't die. It still lives on, but, deprived of its support, it is crippled from the blow I dealt it that day.

Why do we kill churches? Why does the missionary enterprise lag?

Missionary giving reached its high water mark in 1922. During the World War there had been real heart searching. We realized that as a people we had sinned, fallen, suffered, because we had placed too little emphasis upon spiritual realities. There had been too much counting of things and too little counting of God. We had built great nations and called them Christian, armed them to the teeth, and in a moment of passion sent them each at the throat of the other. By our selfishness we had lived in luxury and ease and forgotten those who were in want. Long before this by that same selfishness we had divided our church into a couple of hundred warring sects and bands, each jealous of the others, each

struggling for prestige, each battling for position in "strategic centers." In our eagerness to be first in unoccupied territory, we had not only crowded out each other but crowded out our Christ. But all this, we said now, could not happen again. The war had taught the church its lesson. Selfishness, denominationalism, materialism, all these had been consumed as dross in the hot fires of war.

And so the Methodists started their Centenary Movement, and set themselves to the task of rebuilding the spiritual areas laid waste by the war. They were eagerly seconded by the Presbyterians in their New Era Movement, while the Baptists declared that they were enlisted in a New World Movement. Per capita giving in all the denominations increased by bounds. The hard-pressed missionaries dreamed dreams of new recruits, of new equipment, of new fields on far frontiers. Then came the Interchurch World Movement. Not only would each church contribute more money than ever before to win the world for Christ, but all expense due to overlapping and competition would be eliminated. Together the churches would see their task, together they would plan for the advance, together they would win the victory. And many a prophet soul saw denominational fences giving way before the forward drive. If people could only work together, they would get together.

Then came the backwash. Like the Israelites, we forgot the Lord during the lush days of prosperity which

followed the war. Like a sick man who has got well, we decided that perhaps we had not been so sick, after all. The Interchurch World Movement went on the rocks, carrying with it the hope of church union for another generation. Per capita giving in all the churches fell like the water-line at ebbside. Campaigns to "make up the deficit of last year" crowded so closely upon canvasses for the "pledges of this year" that people were bewildered. Convinced that the recession was caused not by the backward sweep of a wave but by the outward pull of a tide, all the missionary boards began to make reductions. Later, in an effort to stem the receding tide, a significant phrase was set going in missionary circles: "When we know we care; when we care we give." The promotional departments of the boards were strengthened, to the end that the people might be made to understand the need. And still the tide went out.

Is Spiritual Fire Cooling?

The church is informed today as never before. Every denominational board, both home and foreign, has been shouting from the housetops the story of its opportunity, and the story of the need that must be met adequately before that opportunity can be utilized. The boards have maintained for years the Missionary Education Movement, through which their educational departments cooperate in acquainting the church with the need for missionary work and in training leaders for that task. In addition, each board maintains its own promotional

department. We used to talk about how much it cost to raise the missionary dollar; now we might well examine how much we spend of that dollar while still failing to raise it. We know, and still we do not care. Indeed, this carelessness seems to be one of the marked characteristics of our age. Charlie Chaplin has said that if the Statue of Liberty were suddenly to gird her skirts about her and march out to sea, people would forget all about it day after tomorrow. We are blasé, unimpressible. We are committed to the philosophy of the "hard-boiled." As a church leader once said to me, "Don't talk to us about need; people are fed up on need."

The missionary enterprise lags when spiritual zeal lags. Just which is cause and which effect, it would be hard to say. In all our thinking we are troubled by the fact that we cannot think except in time and space relations. We list in order the various steps in the development of an idea, when as a matter of fact they may all have taken place at the same time. Our missionary zeal lags when our spiritual interest flags; and which is cause and which effect is of comparatively slight consequence. There is little use scolding, and little effect will be produced by turning the screws. As the column of mercury rises in the physician's instrument in response to the blood pressure in your veins, just so the missionary interest of the church charts the rise and fall of its spiritual life.

What are some of the signs of spiritual weakness in the church?

One day recently on the way from New York to Los Angeles I stopped off in Chicago for a day and had dinner with a professor in one of the theological seminaries. Over the dessert he became enthusiastic about a paper he had just read before a group of church historians in Chicago. Said he, "Every great epoch of spiritual weakness in the church is also an epoch of great church building." And then, kindling to his subject, he sketched the history of the Christian church through the days of spiritual dearth and cathedral-building which marked the period preceding the Reformation, on down to our present time. "When people feel spiritual realities slipping," he said, "they hurry to make them visible and permanent in stone, mortar and concrete."

We have never had so much church building as during the past six years. One single denomination in a single city of the West during the past decade has expended a total of over five million dollars in the erection of new church buildings. That city has a foreign population of more than a quarter of a million, and during the same period that same denomination has expended less than a hundred thousand dollars in the erection of buildings in which the gospel might be demonstrated to the stranger. It is a city which has grown rapidly, and not a dollar too much was spent on new buildings; but it is inconsistent to seek the comfort of cushions upon oaken pews when men and women are being broken on the wheel of industry. It should be hard to enjoy the music of great pipe organs when below the

cadence of the music one can hear the cry of toiling children. "This ought ye to have done," said Jesus, "and not to have left the other undone."

During the summer of 1927 I was studying in the National University of Mexico. One Saturday a group of us took the narrow-gauge railway to a little station whence we were carried by bus to the monastery and church at Tepozitlán. The grounds and the buildings, mellow with the years, all make their impression, but it is upon entering the cathedral that one catches his breath at the vision of beauty. The walls are decorated everywhere with the wood carvings of the Chirrugueresco brothers, Spaniards who brought their art from the Peninsula, and every square inch of the carving is covered with leaf of pure gold. It is said that a million pesos would scarcely represent this expenditure alone.

You tap the gold leaf with your fingers to see if it is real. You stand in reverence before the altar, brilliant in the candlelight. You gaze at the marvelous paintings upon the walls of the corridors. Then out of the subdued light of the interior you step into the glare of the day, and immediately you are beset with a crowd of the lame, the halt, the blind, each person pleading for a *centavo*. Inside, upon the dead walls, a lavish display of wealth; outside, the suffering and starving.

I was trying to say something of this on the way back in the train to a young Mexican school teacher who had been in this country. She meditated for a moment and then replied, "All my life I have heard that criticism of

my church. But I have been in your country, and you Protestants are doing it too."

The Great God Organization

Another evidence of dying spiritual fire is to be seen in an excessive emphasis on the value of organization. Since the war, discontented with the money-raising powers of our boards, we have organized and reorganized. Ignorant of the fact that lack of progress is due to lack of spiritual force, we keep tinkering with the machinery. Constantly we are changing wheel for wheel; sometimes we seek to mesh one wheel with another, sometimes we change small wheels for larger. When a motorist stops by the side of the road, and with the hood raised and his sleeves rolled up examines the engine, you can be sure that something is wrong. It may be that he ought to look and see if there is gas in the tank, but something is wrong, for the machine has stopped running. Kipling sings in "McAndrew's Hymn":

We're creepin' on wi' each new rig—less weight an' larger
power;
There'll be the loco-boiler next, an' thirty miles an hour!
Thirty an' more, what I ha' seen since ocean steam began,
Leaves me na doot for the machine, but what about the
man?

It is probable that our home mission work could be administered by either a simple committee or a complex organization of divisions and departments; but no form

of organization will take the place of a consecrated church, afire with zeal to carry out the commission of her Lord, that his will may be done.

What is even more distressing, there seems to be a recrudescence of that narrow denominationalism which we thought at the close of the war was gone forever. Take the town of Coolidge that has sprung up in the area of the dam for which Dirk Lay labored and prayed. For twenty years there have been a few dry farms scattered all over that region. Life for the people has been meagre in the extreme. Crops have been dependent upon the water which could be pumped by windmills, and upon the mulching which has preserved the moisture in the soil. The farmers have been making only enough to eke out an existence, leaving nothing for the comforts of life. That they might not be without spiritual care, a home missionary board has maintained during these forty years a little church upon the spot where now the lusty town is bustling into being. But because there is now promise of a city, three other boards have sent in representatives and established churches. There are about a thousand Americans and five hundred Mexicans in the community. Everybody is willing to do something for the Americans; nobody, however, shows much zeal for the Mexicans. It was the superintendent of a city missionary society who demanded, "Why should I recommend the expenditure of any of my budget for churches among the foreigners, when the

same amount of money spent in the establishment of American churches will all be paid back within a period of five years?"

Too large a portion of home missionary money is still spent upon competitive fields. Our appeals have largely been in the picturesque terms of service for Alaskans, Porto Ricans, and Indians. Our spending has been too much upon the sordid basis of denominational prestige in "strategic centers." This condition is not always the fault of the home mission boards; often the blame must be laid inexorably upon local field men and churches and leaders who fatten upon the strengthening of denominational prestige, or bask in the glory of denominational importance.

It is true that interdenominational councils which have been set up to remedy this situation have accomplished great good; but does not a pitiless honesty compel us to question whether in many cases we do not work together quite as much for denominational protection as for the advancement of the kingdom of God? As the superintendent of the foreign work of one of our large denominations working in a certain area declared, "I believe in comity as long as the field is so large that we cannot possibly occupy it all; but when once the field has been occupied, nothing can stop us [meaning his own denomination] from giving every community the full gospel [meaning the kind taught by his denomination]."

Creed or Christ?

When we get to the point where we are emphasizing again the things which divide us; when, for the sake of denominational position or personal glory, we confuse children in the faith with differences which, if they really mattered, Christ himself would have clarified explicitly, is the fine flame of our spiritual zeal not dying down?

A few years ago I was making a journey to one of the larger cities of Arizona to begin a series of evangelistic meetings in a Mexican church. I knew exactly the sermon I was going to use. It was an old message, and I was thoroughly familiar with it—no use now to bother my head about it.

But about six o'clock in the evening, as we rolled along over the mesa in the purple twilight, there came to me the conviction that I should preach from the text, "Follow me." It was one of those inexplicable things. I tried to get the thought out of mind; I had no sermon on that text, and there was no time to prepare one. But as we drove into the city I was just as sure of the reality of that message as I was of the mesa, or the cactus, or the gnarled mountains that stood guard.

After the evening service a young man stopped to talk with me. He had recently come from Mexico and was working in the office of one of the mining companies. At the end of the week he came before the elders to be examined for admission into the church.

Now the elders in a Mexican church take themselves seriously, and take seriously the step into the Christian life. They began by asking the young man if he were a sinner, and he modestly replied that he was not so bad. Then they examined him in theology, and the result was a flat failure. At last one of the elders said to him, "If you do not know any of these things, why do you want to unite with the church?" Suddenly the puzzled expression vanished like a mist from the face of the young man. At last he had been asked something of which he was sure, and catching his breath he replied, "Because I want to follow Jesus Christ." I felt sure then why I had changed my subject.

If that group of elders could have gone with Jesus one day to the shores of the lake where four men were mending their nets; and if, after Jesus had called to the men, the elders could have stepped in and propounded questions such as they asked the young Mexican, would Peter and Andrew and James and John have been able to answer? Whether they would or not does not really matter. They had come under the spell of the personality of Jesus. They forsook their boats and nets and followed him, and under his teaching and his leadership all other questions solved themselves.

When the church experiences a new commitment to her Lord, the flames will burn afresh upon her altars.

CHAPTER XII

"This Means Me"

IN THE warehouse of a large mercantile establishment a lad was given work for the summer. His tasks made it necessary for him to move about from one place to another, and, as with most boys, it was hard for him to understand that he was supposed to close doors after he passed through them. It was particularly important that he should close the door to the stock room. After reprimanding him repeatedly, his employer called him aside and told him that if he found himself compelled to speak to him again about closing the door when he passed through it, he would dismiss him. So the boy made a sign and placed it upon the door, which read as follows: "Keep this door shut. This means me."

Usually we do not so read that familiar sign; usually we do not so write it. Admonitions, criticisms, reprimands, mean you; seldom me. And it is because of this failure to sense individual responsibility that we have so much knowledge and so little action. It is the reason why so many of us are able to give advice and so few are willing to take it. It is why most of us are long on facts and short on deeds.

We are all obsessed with a passion for generalization; the disease is one which affects every phase of our lives.

During a period of economic depression we look for some broad economic law which will neatly and adequately explain everything; and while waiting and looking each man relaxes the individual push and drive in his own business. Education has come to be associated with the thought of well-equipped universities for the training of great numbers; we have lost sight of the importance of that individual contact which Garfield had in mind when he said that a log with a boy on one end and Mark Hopkins on the other was a college. We recommend Americanization drives upon masses of foreigners, and are blind to the necessity for friendly, personal contacts. We enunciate the principles of justice, careless of the injustice which too often characterizes our dealings with our fellow-men. We believe in comity in principle, but flee the application of the principle to specific cases.

In the field of evangelism we are concerned with campaigns and tabernacles and tents and sawdust trails, and forget the presentation to our friends of the claims of Jesus. We remember budgets and forget people. The work fails to go forward because the need of unchurched groups is not *my* need, and because what we say about sacrificial giving does not mean *me*.

The Washington congress faced the same facts and the same problems which we have been facing together in these pages. We can do no better than to conclude this study by trying to see how some of the more important findings of that congress mean *me*.

The Question of Comity

Comity is a word used to define that group of rules, or courtesy agreements, by which various denominations undertake to work together. The men who established the first churches in new territories were men of strong convictions, otherwise they would not have been willing to undertake the work at all. But because they were of such strong convictions, each was often inclined to feel that no community was adequately served religiously until a church of his own particular variety of theological belief had been organized. As a result, in many communities we face the problem of too many varieties of religious organization. According to the 1926 Federal Census of Religious Bodies, there are now two hundred and twelve different denominations carrying on work in this country. Many of these are small, and more than half have memberships of less than seven thousand.¹ Evidently in this business of getting God counted in growing communities, there has frequently been a greater zeal to get the denomination counted. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Washington congress should have made a definite statement upon the subject of comity:

"We wish once more to say what the Home Missions Council has repeatedly said, that we are convinced that the time has come to eliminate competition in home

¹ C. Luther Fry, *The United States Looks at Its Churches*.

missions. We are unequivocally opposed to the use of mission funds for the maintenance of competitive enterprises."

Even more far-reaching was a statement with regard to that tolerant Christian spirit which of necessity must underlie any rules which may be adopted:

"In view of the fact that practically all the constituent bodies of the Home Missions Councils have adopted the comity principles herein approved, and otherwise have repeatedly expressed themselves in favor of the policy of interdenominational adjustments in local communities, it is the conviction of this group that the time has come and the opportunity is at hand for passing from the 'resolution stage' to the 'action stage' by an aggressive movement of concerted effort on their part. . . .

"It is our conviction that the important consideration now in the development of comity and of the practice of cooperation is not organization, or technique, but is a question of attitude and spirit. We feel sure that no difficulties will prove serious enough, that no obstacles will be sufficiently insurmountable, to keep us from cooperation and unity when all really want cooperation and unity. Conversely, we feel that no difficulty is so trivial, no problem so easy of solution, but that it will suffice to keep those apart who do not want to come together."

But this means *me*. Am I ready to give up my de-

nominal preferences when the need arises, in order that the kingdom of God may go forward? This problem, like all others, will soon be in the hands of the young people. If they care more for the things which unite than for the things which divide, then waste and competition will disappear. And when that day comes, organic church union will be just around the corner.

The Unfinished Task

The Washington congress also made the frank and courageous statement that for twenty years the membership of the church in relation to population has been at a standstill. Reference was made to the "practical abandonment" of all ideas of advance. Said the findings, "For a century the church in America labored under the conviction that it must expand and press on. If that sense of imperative need has been lost, we must recreate it in the church."

While the story of home mission work is an epic in our national life, the church has not grown as rapidly as has the nation. Counting as a religious society every organization which can possibly be so counted, fifty-five out of every hundred adults in the United States are affiliated with some such society. Along the Atlantic seaboard and in other of the older settlements of the country, the number runs to about sixty-five. The farther West one goes, the lower the percentage of church members. On the Pacific seaboard only thirty-five out of

every hundred adults are members of some church organization.¹

Overlooking is quite as dangerous, certainly, as overlapping. In New Mexico, in Wyoming, in Idaho, in Arizona, in Nevada, in certain counties of California, it is possible to find large areas and thriving communities where the church has not yet entered.

Recently I chanced to visit a town in Arizona which has a population of about fifteen hundred. It is located on the railroad line at the junction of two automobile roads. There is a fine school with seven teachers, a bank, an up-to-date hotel, a goodly number of stores, but there is no church of any sort. God is not being counted in the development of that town. A recent survey conducted by the Home Missions Council shows that there are whole communities in the state of Maine which are absolutely destitute of organized religious work.

The Giving of Self

What have I as a young person to do with this problem of overlooking? How does it mean *me*?

The quality which has been lost out of our giving is the giving of ourselves. We have talked about giving what we possess. As a matter of fact, often we have made our contributions to the cause of Christ out of what has been left over from automobile tires, parties, clothes, cosmetics and chewing gum. We have forgotten that the cross of Christ can go forward only upon

¹ *The United States Looks at Its Churches*, p. 10.

the sacrifices of his people. God does not want us to do the easy thing; he calls on us to do the hard thing. He does not want the time which we call spare time; he wants the time which will really cut into our lives. He does not ask us for contributions we can afford to make; he asks us for contributions which mean a sacrifice when we make them. Just before Walter Rauschenbusch died, I heard him lecture. To facilitate the asking of questions, inquiries were written upon slips of paper and passed to the platform. The first one read asked, "What does the church most need today?" Like a flash came the answer, "The restoration of the cross."

If you cannot give yourself, the rest does not count. It may be a gift of service in the church or in a mission, or it may be a gift of funds, but you cannot give really except of yourself. Only through such giving can the kingdom of God go forward.

There is one peril in a great deal of our talk about service as it applies to young people, and this is that such talk tends to project itself into action in the future rather than at the present time. We prepare for service, and often that service is to begin after we finish our education or when we are accepted by some missionary board. The foreign missionary who is worth his salt was once a home missionary, not commissioned, perhaps, but giving just as truly of himself before heeding the call to the foreign field. There is no particular reason for believing that a young man will love the Japanese in Tokio if he abhors the Japanese in Los Angeles.

Plenty of opportunities exist for the sacrificial giving of self. The Washington congress had this to say about our individual attitude toward those of the black race:

"We who send many thousands of dollars and many missionaries to India because we have been spurred to action by what to us is an outrageous caste system, fail to remember that there is a very striking psychological similarity between the silly caste system of India and the inexcusable race prejudice of America.

"To deny justice and fair play to an American because of color or race is as pagan as the caste distinctions of India are unchristian.

"The church must take a pronounced stand on the question of fairness and justice to the Negro as an American citizen. Unless this step be taken, it is now plainly evident that the more intelligent Negro will lose confidence in the type of Christianity which American Protestantism seeks to promote."

We must give of ourselves in home missions, and it must be a giving which responds at every call of need. We must give now, and this means *me*. Sometimes I think that we have not been quite fair to the one-talent man. He did not despise his talent. If he had despised it he would have let it accumulate dust in the basement or thrown it away. But he did not despise it; he highly honored it. He wrapped it in a linen napkin, preparing to use it at some future time when his Lord should call for it. And the peril to the person who does that lies in

the fact that his Lord will come and take his talent away from him. For what we fail to use, we lose.

A Weakened Conviction

Facing squarely the reason for a falling budget, the Washington congress said:

"Our study of the causes for the apparent decreased interest in missions as evidenced by decreased contributions in very recent years leads us to feel that while a number of causes may be given, the fundamental cause is a weakened conviction among our people of the eternal realities of our religion and a correspondingly lessened desire to share that religion with others."

Is this conclusion valid when it is applied to young people? Are their convictions as to "the eternal realities of our religion" less strong than those of their fathers and grandfathers? Soon, very soon, the hands of fathers will weary in their task, and their work will be turned over to others. Youth will be given the problem of racial adjustment, the problem of war, the problems of industrial relationships and the distribution of wealth. Realizing that these problems can be solved only in the light of the teachings of Christ, can the young people of today count upon enough spiritual conviction to face the responsibilities which they must inherit?

That some of the older people are already much concerned about the answers which must be given to these questions is seen in the growing tendency to establish large endowments for carrying on the work. The

money for the most part has come from legacies, some of it with the understanding that the principal shall be kept intact and only the interest used for current work; but many of the bequests have been received without restrictions. Some boards, indeed, have adopted the policy of putting all legacies into the endowment fund, and it has been argued in defense of this policy that the sons and daughters of those who are giving generously today do not have the same interest in the work and cannot be counted upon to continue the gifts after their parents are gone.

Is this a fair measure of the spiritual vitality of the young people today? Indeed, this whole matter of endowments revolves about two very pertinent questions: Are the young people of today as much interested in missions as are the older generation? Or, better, is my own interest as great as that of my father? If the young people in the days to come cannot be counted upon to give financial support to the missionary program of the church, will they have spiritual vitality enough to carry it on even if it is supported by endowment?

The New Discovery of God

Most certainly we cannot expect a quickening of spiritual power in either young or old until God has a more real place in our lives. And this must be not a general process operating through organization propaganda, but a definite experience in the heart of each one

of us. The Washington congress quoted the words of Stanley Jones, "We cannot go further until we go deeper," and continued:

"The band of men who nineteen hundred years ago went out to transform the world were moved by the conviction that there is but one 'name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.' That conviction had been born in them of a great personal experience. They had known Christ and he had made their lives pageants of triumph in him. Through him they could do all things. Him, therefore, they believed to be sufficient for the transformation of all their fellow-men. . . .

"Under his leadership we have come to think of the salvation of society as well as of individuals. We believe that in Christ is a sufficient solution of all the problems of collective life in North America. This conviction, too, must come from a great personal experience of him. If Christ means enough to us, we can make him mean enough to others. If he means enough to a sufficient number of men and women in North America, the entire life of our nations can be changed, and the problems that seem so overwhelming can be solved.

"Throughout this congress there has been manifest a deep yearning for Christ and a feeling that in very truth we are thrown back wholly on him. The progress in the improvement of our organization and technique which we have made and hope yet to make, will avail us only as it is shot through with a deeper experience of

Christ. Even cooperation and unity will be an empty gain unless vitalized by him."

But we may ask the question, why is God so unreal to us? Our easy habit of thinking of life as divided into realms of the material and the spiritual, the secular and the sacred, has driven him farther and farther away. It is a philosophy which is fatal to the life of the spirit, which kills the vigorous workings of God in our lives. When man's knowledge was limited, God often seemed very close. There was a time when God's voice was heard every time it thundered. There was a time when the shadow of God's hand moved over the face of the earth, and men stood in awe at the manifestation of his presence. Then physicists told why it thundered, and astronomers explained about eclipses, and to timid minds God seemed to beat a retreat.

Today we fly, and we talk around the earth in the fraction of a second, like gods magnifying our voices and sending them vibrating through space. And all the while, as we have broadened the realm of the secular, we have narrowed the realm of the sacred. Our filing-cabinet type of philosophy has made God seem very remote. Day by day, as he has come to mean less to us, so we have felt less and less the responsibility of sharing him with others. If we have felt any missionary zeal at all, it has been a zeal to give people our tractors and our serums, which we understand so well, rather than our God, whom we understand so little. It appears at this moment that the materialistic philosophy of

life is being questioned as never before. Our scientists are repeating that they cannot be sure that the material manifestations of life are all of it. They are looking up from their microscopes and aside from their telescopes to tell us that essentially it is spirit which is the ultimate object of human search.

Recently the New York *Times* published an editorial entitled, "Wanted, Faith in Something." Indeed faith is wanted, desperately wanted. The world cannot live without it. But when the fact becomes known, and the man in the street realizes that the realm of the spirit is everywhere, God will come rushing back from the unknown like a mighty wind and fill the places where we are. And when he comes back it will be because I, and people like me, have at last felt the need of welcoming him into every experience of life. And in that day men will not say one to another, Lo, give to this cause here, or Lo, give to that cause there, but every man will be consumed with the desire to flood the world with the knowledge of the Lord, even as the waters cover the sea.

Our missionary problems will be solved when our spiritual problems are solved; when you and I live daily as in the sight of God. Our budgets are bankrupt because there are so many of us whose spiritual lives are bankrupt. We count our houses, our lands, our cars, our books, our stocks, our bonds. We count everything and everybody, but we do not count God.

We have been talking about the census. Once, long

ago, there was a census in Bethlehem of Judea. People had come from all over the district, each to his own town, to be counted and to be taxed. And in Bethlehem of Judea it is probable that the most important person in the whole of the little town was not counted at all. When those who call themselves his followers begin to count him in their own lives, then he will be counted throughout the life of the world.

INDEX

- Agua Negra, N. M., 31
 Alaska, 12, 38
 Albuquerque, N. M., 118
 Alleghany Mountains, 112; *see also*
 Mountain work
 Americanization, *see* Schools, Race
 groups
 Apaches, 107
 Arizona, 23, 107, 134
 Ashland, Ore., 6

 Baptist; foreign missionary board,
 10; triennial convention (1817),
 10
 Baseball, 6, 71, 79; *see also* Play
 Beecher, Henry Ward, 9
 Beecher, Lyman, 9
 Beets, 128
 Benét, Stephen Vincent, 82
 Bethesda Presbyterian Church, 100
 Bisbee, Ariz., 23
 Blue Ridge Mountains, 112; *see also*
 Mountain work
 Board for Christian Work in Santo
 Domingo, 66
 Bohemians, 73
 Boone, Daniel, 8
 Budgets; mission school, 42; cuts in,
 134; difficulty of raising, 137;
 competitive, 143; Washington
 congress on, 154; *see also* En-
 dowments, Giving
 Buffington, Joseph, 104
 Bull fights, 79
 Bushnell, Horace, 9

 California, 12, 83, 96, 97
 Camps, value of, 74
 Census; Introduction; statistics on
 children, 49, on wealth in U. S.,
 126, on denominations, 148; in
 Judea, 158

 Centenary Movement, 136
 Chaplin, Charlie, 138
 Child labor; responsibility for, 28;
 example of, 128; National Com-
 mittee, 129; *see also* Industry
 Chinese; laborers, 4; story of Li
 Wong, 14 *seq.*; community prej-
 udice toward, 16; *see also* Race
 groups
 Chirifugueresco brothers, 140
Christian Advocate, 45, 86
 Christian centers, 70-76
 Christian Women's Board of Mis-
 sions, 39
 Church, founding and extension of
 in America; *see* Home Missions
 Church building; 7, 11, 23, 47;
 home mission aid for, 13; edifices
 not planned for children, 47; re-
 cent increase in, 139; extrava-
 gance in, 140
 Civic righteousness, 14, 17, 20, 23;
 see also Community building,
 Law observance
 Clements, Mollie, 37
 Clubs, value of, 74
 Cock fights, 79
 Colorado, 36, 128
 Comerio, P. R., 114
 Comity, 148-150; *see also* Denomi-
 nationalism, Denominational co-
 operation
 Community, the church and; chs.
 I and II
 Connecticut, 9
 Cook, Dr. Charles H., 108
 Coolidge, Calvin, 106
 Coolidge Dam, 106
 Crockett, Gary J., 67
 Cuba, 116
 Cumberland Mountains, 112; *see*
 also Mountain work

- Day, George M., 131
- Denominational cooperation; in Santo Domingo, 66; in Santa Paula, 96; in foreign language churches, 96; in Japanese church, Monterey, 97; in Western state, 102; in Interchurch World Movement, 136; a question of attitude, 149; *see also* Denominationalism, Comity.
- Denominationalism; absence of in Santo Domingo, 66; selfishness in, 136; narrow form of returning, 142; prestige of desired, 143; "Creed or Christ," 144; statistics on, 148; *see also* Denominational cooperation, Comity
- Disciples of Christ; Jarvis Institute, 39
- Economic readjustment; among Pima Indians, 106; in Kentucky, 111-112; missionary's responsibility toward, 113; church creates need for, 114; in New Mexico, 117; today's problem, 119; *see also* Industry
- Education, *see* Schools
- Ellsworth, Zoë, 113
- Endowments, 154; *see also* Budgets, Giving
- Episcopal church; *see* Foreign-Born American Division
- Ervin, James N., 40
- Evangelism; 12; through teaching, 38; the church's opportunity, 48; linked with medical work, 62; example of, 98; "sawdust trail" type of, 147
- Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, 127
- Fisher, Professor Irving, 126
- Flagelantes*, 34
- Fleming, Maggie, 30 *seq.*
- Football, 79, 108; *see also* Play
- Foreign-Born Americans Division, Episcopal church, 103
- Foreign-born, work among, *see* Home missions, Race groups
- Frost, T. B., 40
- Giving; decline in, 135, 137, 151; young people's responsibility for, 155; *see also* Endowments, Budgets
- Globe, Ariz., 23
- Grants Pass, Ore., 2, 14, 55
- Hallowe'en incident, 52
- Halsey, Ore., 22
- Harris, Dr. Jane, 57 *seq.*
- Hawkins, Tex., 39
- Health; conditions in Porto Rico, 62; in Santo Domingo, 66; necessary for spiritual well being, 69; play contributes to, 76; effects of child labor on, 129; *see also* Medical missions, Play
- Home missions; Introduction; pioneer work of, 1, 6, 8-13, 23; as founder and aider of churches, 13; relation of to civic righteousness, 20; fight of against intemperance, 24, against other evils, 27; educational work of, chs. III and IV; health and medical work of, ch. V; play in program of, ch. VI; relation of to race problems, chs. VII and VIII, to daily economic problems, ch. IX, to industry and international affairs, ch. X; cut budgets of, 134; lack of spiritual zeal in, 137 *seq.*; problem of organization in, 141 *seq.*; comity in, 148 *seq.*; unfinished task of, 150 *seq.*; spiritual resources for, 155 *seq.*; *see also* North American Home Missions Congress
- Home Missions Council; Introduction, 79, 95, 149
- Hookworm, 62, 64

- Hospitals; El Presbiteriano, P. R., 60; International, Santo Domingo City, 66
- Howell House, 74
- Illinois, 8
- India, 86, 153
- Indians, American; schools among, 39; legend of race superiority, 94; Pimas, 106 *seq.*; Apaches, 107
- Industry; profits in, 29; the church and, 124; closed to Jesus' teachings, 124; bread-lines, 125; wages, 126; unequal distribution of wealth, 126; lives regarded as commodities, 127; child labor, 128; responsibility for injustice in, 130; *see also* Economic readjustment
- Intemperance; struggle against, 24; Russian and Mexican teachings on, 28; *see also* Prohibition, Saloons
- Interchurch World Movement, 136-137
- International Council of Religious Education, 49
- International Hospital, Santo Domingo City, 66
- Ithaca, N. Y., 53
- Japanese; prejudice toward, 83; church in Monterey, Calif., 97-99; *see also* Race groups
- Jarvis Christian Institute, 39-40
- Jarvis, Major James J., 39
- Jesus, ethics of; applied to play, 80, to race, 103-105, to international relations and industry, ch. X
- Jibaros, 115
- John Brown's Body (Benét), 82-83
- Jones, E. Stanley, 156
- Kentucky, opened for settlement, 8; *see also* Mountain work
- Kipling, Rudyard, 141
- Klamath Lake, 1, 4
- Law observance; supported by pioneer church, 19; dependence upon public opinion, 24; attitude of prohibition violators toward, 26; relation of to democracy, 27; *see also* Civic righteousness, Prohibition
- Lay, Dirk, 106
- Li Wong, 15
- Lordsburg, N. M., 24
- Los Angeles, 84, 100
- Louisiana Purchase, 9, 10, 12
- McKee, Ky., 111; *see also* Mountain work
- McKendree Methodist Church, Nashville, Tenn., 44
- Medford, Ore., 4
- Medical missions; in Porto Rico, 57-64; in Santo Domingo, 64-66; preventive work of, 68 *seq.*; *see also* Health
- Methodist Episcopal Church; circuit riders of, 12; in Santo Domingo, 65; sponsoring Mexican church, 97
- Mexicans; need of play of, 78-79; survey of by Home Missions Council, 79; prejudice toward, 83, 89, 92; church for in Santa Paula, 96-97; Bethesda Church, 100; at migrant labor, 128, 129; *see also* Mexico, Race
- Mexico; U. S. war with, 9; government of, 28; Spanish conquerors of, 35; national experiment in, 131; *see also* Mexicans
- Mexico City, 35
- Missionary Education Movement, 137
- Missionary Review of the World, 53
- Mississippi, 11, 40
- Missouri, pioneer work in, 9-12, 22-23
- Mogote, Colo., 36
- Monterey, Calif., 97

- Morada*, 34
 Mountain work, 111, 112
 Moving pictures, influence of, 29

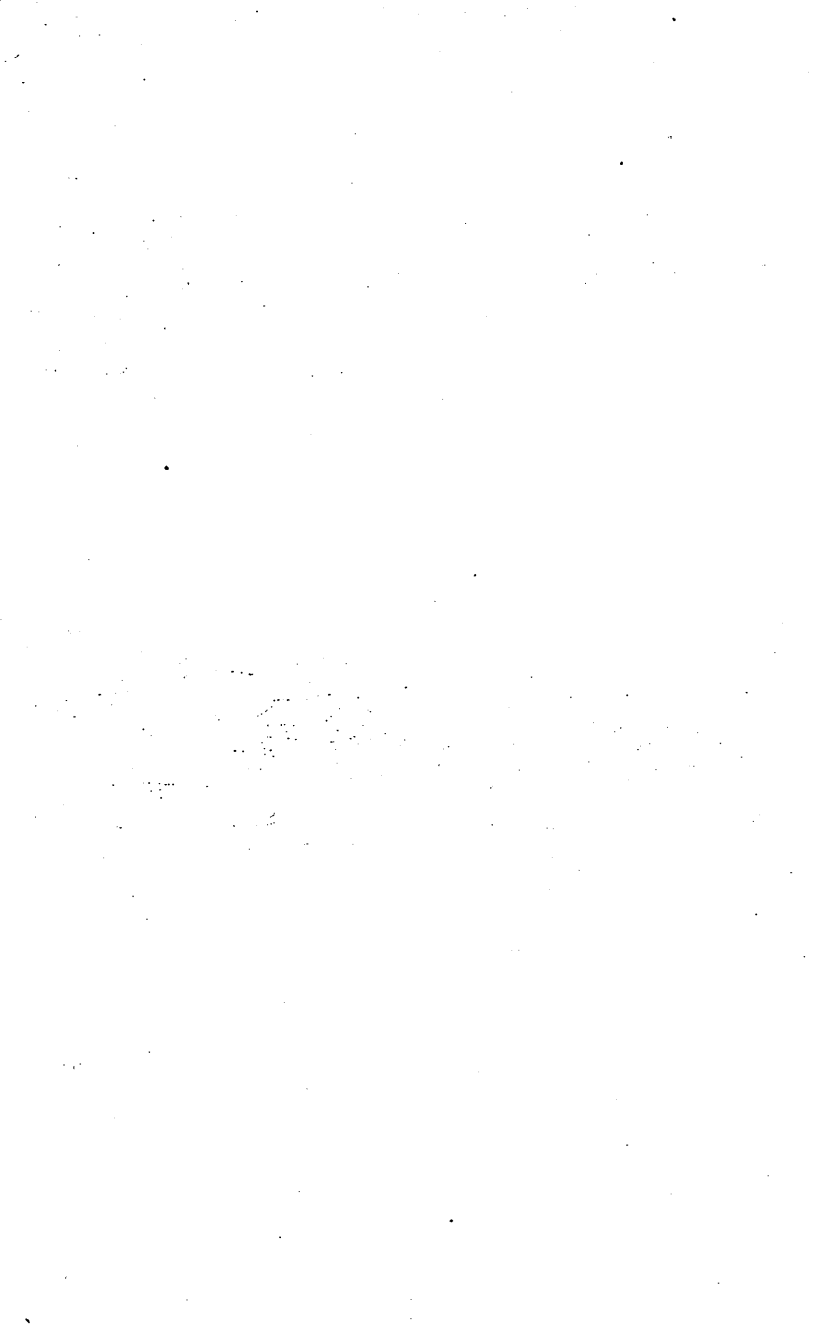
 Nashville, Tenn., 44
 National Education Association, 47
 Negroes; Jarvis Institute for, 39, *seq.*; in Porto Rico, 58; number of in U. S., 81; prejudice toward, 81 *seq.*; Chicago riots, 89; school situation in Gary, Ind., 93; Washington congress on, 153; *see also* Race groups
 New Era Movement, 136
 New Jersey, 7
 New Mexico, 24, 30; isolated folk in, 35; need for agricultural help in, 117; educational problem in, 118
 New World Movement, 136
 New York State, 53
 North American Home Missions Congress; Introduction, 42, 81, 147 *seq.*

 Ohio, 8, 30
 Oregon, 2, 4, 9, 12, 14, 22, 55
 Organization, 141; *see also* Denominationalism
 Overlapping, Introduction, 95, 136; *see also* Denominational cooperation, Comity
 Overlooking, Introduction, 151, 152
 Ozama River, 66

 Pacific Ocean, extent of domain to, 9
 Patton, Hugh, 106
 Payne, Philip F., 99
 Peck, John Mason, 9 *seq.*, 22
Penitentes, 33
 Phillips, Maxwell, 30
 Phoenix, Ariz., 23
 Pima Indians, 106 *seq.*
 Pitt, William, 45
 Play, ch. VI; 109; *see also* Health Plaza, 32
 Plaza schools, 36, 118
 Portland, 2
 Porto Rico, 12, 57 *seq.*, 114
 Potrero Hill Neighborhood House, 70
 Presbiteriano, El, 60
 Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.; in Santo Domingo, 65; sponsor of Japanese church, 97; Bethesda Church, 100
 Presbyterians in Scotland, 45
 Prohibition; 24-27; *see also* Intemperance, Saloons, Law Observance
 Pueblo, 32

 Race groups and questions; example of prejudice, 14; work done by vacation schools, 50-51, by Christian centers, 70-76; attitude toward Negroes, 81 *seq.*, toward Mexicans, 83, 89; nature of race prejudice, 84 *seq.*; exclusions from public places, 86-89, from church, 92-93, from school, 93; foreigners' preference for own group, 94; foreign language churches, 95-103; value of personal contacts, 103-104; Washington congress on, 153
 Raikes, Robert, 45
 Rauschenbusch, Walter, 152
 Recreation, *see* Play
 Religious education; the church's task, 46; forbidden in public schools, 46; church not meeting need for, 47; vacation and week-day schools of, 50, 51; rural, 53; new program of, 56; *see also* Schools, Sunday school
 Responsibility, individual; example of, 39; ch. XII
 Robinson, Harold McAfee, 47
 Rogue River, 3, 55
 Roman Catholic parish schools, 46
 Roosevelt, Gov. Theodore, 67

- Rural work; *see* Economic readjustment, Home missions, Schools, etc.
- Russia; national experiment in, 131-132
- Russians in San Francisco, 70
- St. Louis, Mo., 10, 22
- Saloons; 5, 10, 18, 23-25; *see also* Prohibition, Intemperance
- San Francisco, 2, 70
- Santa Paula, Calif., 96
- Santo Domingo (Dominican Republic), 65-68
- Santurce, P. R., 58
- Schools, religious; seminary founded by Peck, 12; among primitive conditions, 30 *seq.*; for adults, 33; need for, 35; contribution of, 36-38; Jarvis Institute, 39-41; withdrawal of, 36-38, 41-43; the church a school, 43; Roman Catholic parish schools, 46; vacation schools, 50-51; week-day, 51-53; vocational in Kentucky, 112; in New Mexico, 118; *see also* Religious education
- Schools, state; relation to mission schools, 41-42; religious instruction barred from, 52-53; attendance laws violated by migrants, 129
- Schuldt, Viola, 53
- Sermon on the Mount, 123, 125
- Speer, Dr. Robert E., 94
- Spirituality in the church; essential, 20; war's effect on, 137; necessary to missionary zeal, 137-138; signs of lack of, 139-143; new commitment to Jesus needed, 145; will solve missionary problems, 158
- Stowe, Harriet Beecher, 9
- Stowell, Dr. Jay S., 53
- Sunday schools; establishment of, 6, 12; antagonism toward, 44-45; enrollment in, 49; *see also* Schools, Religious education
- Suseoff, John, 70
- Takiguchi, 98-99
- Tanghe, the Rev. William, 70
- "Ten Commandments for Social Justice," 127
- Tennessee, 44
- Tepozitlán, Mexico, 140
- Texas, 39
- Toa Alta, P. R., 63
- Tompkins Co., N. Y., 53
- Tucson, Ariz., 23
- United Brethren Church, Santo Domingo, 65
- United Presbyterian Church, Halsey, Ore., 22
- Vacation schools, 50-51; *see also* Religious education, Schools, religious
- Volstead Act, 24, 27
- War; church's relation to in past, 121; Jesus' teachings concerning, 123
- Ward, Dr. Harry F., 127
- Washington congress, *see* North American Home Missions Congress
- Wealth, national, 126
- Wealth, per capita, 126
- Week-day schools, 51-53; *see also* Religious education, Schools
- West Indies, 39; *see also* Porto Rico, Santo Domingo
- Williams, Father, 4
- Willoughby, Chief Justice, 93
- Xavier, Francis, 120
- Y.M.C.A., 71, 131



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